

OUT OF THE RUNNING



G. GERTRUDE HOOPES

With a FOREWORD by

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and with CLINICAL NOTES by

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OUT OF THE RUNNING

by G. Gertrude Hoopes is an autobiography of a mentally superior woman with severe motor handicaps following intracranial birth lesion.

Miss Hoopes is gravely handicapped physically, practically unable to walk, but she gets about on a specially built tricycle. She can sit up for protracted periods but shows continued athetoid movements, yet she types well with one finger, communicates verbally by means of a shorthand sign language, enters into conversation by pointing to letters of the alphabet, and manages the radio successfully.

Her mental aptitudes are exceptionally clear, socially she is alert and keen and possesses a marked independence of character. Her vocabulary is extensive. Her diction is excellent. She is well informed, widely read, a critical and original thinker on life and its problems, religion, politics, science, music, and art.

The first part of this book was written twenty years ago when Miss Hoopes was thirty-eight years of age. The late G. Stanley Hall urged pub-

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OUT OF THE RUNNING



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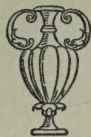
THE AUTHOR, 1938

OUT OF THE RUNNING

BY

G. GERTRUDE HOOPES

G. Gertrude Hoopes



CHARLES C THOMAS

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To

DR. HARRY FRIEDENWALD

WHOSE FRIENDSHIP AND COUNSEL ENCOURAGED

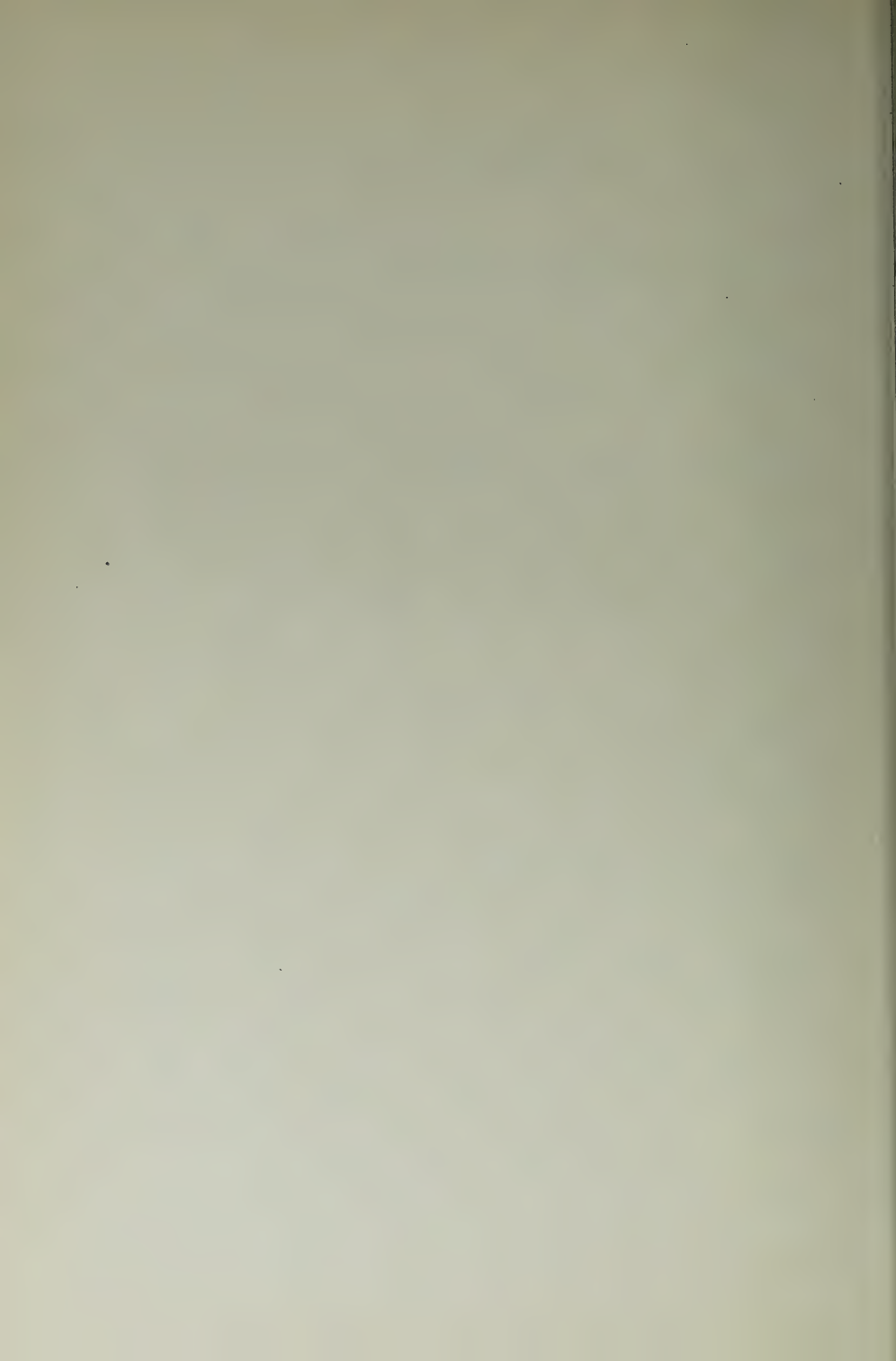
THE HOPE THAT THIS LIFE MIGHT BE OF HELP

TO OTHERS



CONTENTS

	PAGE
Foreword. By Edgar A. Doll, Ph.D. . . .	ix
Clinical Notes. By Winthrop M. Phelps, M.D.	xii
Childhood	1
Youth	25
Religious Opinions and Belief	35
Boxwood Lodge	58
Maturity	68
After Twenty Years	102
Hospitals	108
Institutions for the Handicapped	115
The Speechless One	120
Professional Friends	127
In the Eyes of the Beholder	137
Religious Opinions of Riper Years	141
On the Wings of Radio	148
First Vote	154
Modern Inventions	156



FOREWORD

THE AUTHOR of this absorbing autobiography is a woman whose attainments are above average in spite of extreme physical handicaps. The story of her life is an inspiring account of the inner experience and emotional development of an obviously superior mind. One finds it easy to agree with the judgment of G. Stanley Hall, who twenty years ago urged the publication of this material because of its psychological significance and literary merit. Such a volume does more than restore courage to other patients and their families; it gives professional students a rare glimpse of the spiritual world of many of those physically isolated from social expression. Miss Hoopes' life story has already brought much comfort to many whose condition resembles her own, and has stirred new thought in professional circles.

Our first serious work at Vineland on the problem of intracranial birth lesions began through our acquaintance with a mentally superior adult who had been injured at birth. Although our immediate work has been principally with the mentally deficient birth-injured, it has been our good fortune to assist also a

number of patients of superior mental ability, both adult and juvenile. From time to time we have feared that our emphasis on congenital cerebral damage as one cause of mental deficiency might give the impression that mental deficiency always accompanies this condition. But we have suggested elsewhere that only about one-third of the birth-injured show ultimate deficiency, whereas about two-thirds show mental normality. Among these mentally normal birth-injured there are many patients whose mental ability is above average in spite of extreme physical handicaps. Indeed our more recent intensive experiences with children of this type has opened new vistas of hope for their welfare.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the importance of a publication whose merits are so self-evident. Personal acquaintance with Miss Hoopes increases rather than diminishes our admiration of her achievements and the significance of these experiences for others.

Miss Hoopes has never had articulate speech, and has had only limited vocal inflection. Her mental aptitudes, however, were from early infancy observed to be exceptionally alert, as indicated by verbal comprehension and communication through gestures.

The first part of this book was written twenty years ago. Miss Hoopes was then thirty-eight years of age. At that time there were few specialists who were even slightly acquainted with this type of infirmity. G. Stanley Hall's enthusiasm for this autobiography was due to his interest in the evolution of the soul or personality of its author rather than to

any knowledge he could have possessed regarding her physical condition, its origin or its therapy. The latter portion of this volume reflects a marked increase in the maturity of Miss Hoopes' personality which is apparent in the style as well as the content of her writing. Those twenty years also brought about a momentous increase in knowledge, both medical and psychological, which permits a far more significant interpretation of this record by both patients and doctors. The publication of this volume is therefore more timely now than it could have been at the first writing, and this timeliness is enhanced by the author's increased insight into her own life, its social and emotional as well as scientific ramifications.

The reader will judge for himself the value of this autobiography both for professional purposes and for the spiritual solace and encouragement of other patients and their relatives. For us it is a remarkable picture of a life well lived in the face of extreme handicaps and is in itself evidence of the extent to which mental development may proceed in the absence of all but minor motor expressions. That the extremity of Miss Hoopes' handicap has not totally prevented her from communication with her fellows and has permitted a one-finger command of the typewriter, making this work possible, cannot but be a source of much satisfaction to all who may read this unusual history.

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CLINICAL NOTES

THE FOLLOWING brief professional history has been written in the belief that the value of this volume will be increased by some notes relative to the cause and nature of Miss Hoopes' condition. Although these data have been gathered at a relatively late date and are consequently incomplete, they will shed light on the diagnostic features of Miss Hoopes' condition, and will be of help in the understanding and treatment of similar patients.

Gertrude Hoopes was born August 22, 1879, as the eighth surviving child in a family of superior social and cultural status. Her father was a dentist. Her mother was forty-one years of age at the time of Gertrude's birth. This pregnancy was preceded by a miscarriage. The previous surviving child was born six years earlier. The mother was in general good health except for kidney trouble and a weak heart.

The pregnancy history, while not definitely abnormal, contains some features worth recording. The mother suffered from more nausea than with her previous pregnancies and stated that she felt much less fetal movement. According to the mother's calcula-

tions the child was born nearly six weeks after term. An elder sister was ill with typhoid fever and her death occurred when the child was overdue. It may be that the illness and death of the sister were factors in delaying labor. The birth was a footling presentation and there is no definite history of the length of labor. This presentation is perhaps of some significance as it is in the breach or footling presentation that a tear of the tentorium with subsequent basilar hemorrhage may occur from traction on the after-coming head. Basilar hemorrhage is usually the cause of athetosis. The mother was attended by a midwife at delivery, the obstetrician not arriving until several hours after delivery. Birth weight was approximately seven pounds.

Extreme neuromuscular flaccidity was noted immediately after birth. The patient was underweight (the exact birth weight not recalled), and for some time was carried about on a pillow. She cried continuously. Marked twitching movements were present. There was no deficient animation, breathing was satisfactory, but the patient was in a condition of extreme weakness. She was unable to nurse and showed marked difficulty in swallowing.

This extreme neuromuscular disability persisted through early infancy. Mastication seemed unaffected. There was heavy salivation, a large tongue, a tendency to choke when swallowing. Nystagmus was not noted, but the eye muscles were weak. There was marked delay in neuromuscular development until about five years of age. Up to this time the patient

was taken about in a baby carriage. She was then unable to hold up her head, but carried this in a characteristic posture inclining toward the left shoulder. At about six years of age, following the use of a rigid neck and head support, head balance was attained but was accompanied for some years with peculiar sensations at the back of the neck which were not relieved until thirty years of age, following massage. The patient began to sit up at about five, and was able to hold her head up completely. Walking was accomplished with marked effort and by leaning on someone's arm. She was able to go up and down stairs holding to the banister, but later fell and injured her hip. This accident reduced her facility in walking. No difficulty was experienced in the control of elimination. Copious menstruation began at sixteen years of age, and stopped at about fifty. Medical history is negative with mild whooping cough at about four years of age and mild attacks of grippe and measles.

At the present time Miss Hoopes reveals unusual resourcefulness in the face of extreme motor handicaps. She is unable to walk, but gets about on a specially built tricycle. She has no difficulty sitting up for protracted periods, but shows more or less continuous athetoid movements. She is mentally and socially alert and keen, with marked independence of character. She communicates verbally by means of a kind of shorthand manual sign language similar to that used by deaf mutes, but adapted to her own rapidity of mental expression. She is able to maintain

a conversation by spelling out words through pointing to letters of the alphabet on a small piece of felt (like a ouija board), which she carries with her. Her vocabulary is extensive and her diction excellent. She is well informed, widely read, and a critical and original thinker.

There can be but little doubt that Miss Hoopes' condition is properly described as congenital cerebral palsy. It is particularly important in considering her condition as due to birth-injury, to be cautious of the use of this term. The expression "birth injured" has come to be rather loosely used for a wide variety of intracranial lesions existing at the time of birth or soon thereafter, but not necessarily produced by the birth as an effect of obstetrical trauma. This condition is frequently associated with prenatal pathology, which may not be apparent in the history or in the obstetrical details of delivery. The condition is described by such expressions as Little's Disease, birth palsy, congenital cerebral palsy, intracranial birth lesion, infantile cerebral paralysis, and like terms, which are designed to indicate that a paralysis is present at the time of birth as a result of intracranial damage. Thus, in Miss Hoopes' case, we are unable to establish any obvious cause of her infirmity, but do note that the condition was present at birth and that its course has followed the same pattern as has been considered characteristic of birth injuries. This conclusion is supported by the absence of post-natal pathology to account for the motor handicap.

A very careful examination of the motor mecha-

nism of Miss Hoopes recently reveals in summary, the following conditions:

The patient has coarse involuntary movements, non-rhythmical in type and not affected by volitional action. The amplitude of contractions varies with the degree of emotional excitement. When she is deeply interested or concentrating, they become very slight in degree, but when moved to laughter, for example, the amplitude of swing becomes quite extreme. The reflexes are not hyperactive. The arm reflexes are normal. The eye motions are normal; there is no nystagmus present. The tongue shows only control of forward and backward motion. There is complete inability to move it laterally or up or down. There is involuntary motion of the forehead, mouth, and jaw muscles. There is apparent good laryngeal and pharyngeal control.

The breathing mechanism is distorted by involuntary motion of the abdominal muscles, and the diaphragm and intercostal control are out of step (reversed breathing).

An individual muscle examination showed the involuntary motion to be distal in type, involving hands and forearm muscles extensively, with very slight involvement of elbow and shoulder muscles. In the legs, the feet show marked involuntary motion, which becomes less in connection with knee muscles and still less in hip muscles. The left hip is probably dislocated, which accounts for failure of proper use since her fall.

This particular distribution of involuntary motion

accounts well for the patient's particular abilities. The combination of breathing difficulty and tongue and face involvement, makes oral speech impossible even with the involved larynx and pharynx. The involvement of the feet and the hands makes it necessary for the patient to depend upon larger groups (that is, elbow-shoulder and knee-hip) for communication and locomotion. These functions are accomplished by a modified deaf and dumb sign language which really involves hand and finger motion only to a slight degree. She uses a tricycle somewhat modified for locomotion, although walking was possible before her fall in which she probably dislocated her left hip.

The impression gained from the physical examination is that the patient has an athetosis from an intracranial extra-pyramidal injury sustained probably at birth, the mechanism being traction on the after-coming head in a footling presentation, resulting in a tentorial tear with rupture of the vein of Galen and hemorrhage into the basal nuclei.

We may note parenthetically that cerebral birth lesions may produce defects in motor function, mental development or disposition. In Miss Hoopes' case there is obviously no mental impairment and no abnormality of disposition. There is, however, extreme motor handicap and marked delay of such motor development as has taken place. This motor handicap can apparently be ascribed to some intracranial lesion present from the time of birth, the cause of which has to be left to the imagination.

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OUT OF THE RUNNING

CHILDHOOD

MY FIRST RECOLLECTION is of the lovely summer evening when I realized the fact that I had a will. It was *my* will. And I was trying with all my childish might to conquer it. My nurse had taken me from the cool pleasant lawn and had put me on my mother's lap. She was sitting on the porch. It was much darker and warmer than where I had been in my carriage—and I did not want to be fondled anyway. I felt nervous and cross; yet, somehow, baby though I was, I knew that it was my duty to go to mother and show some affection. While I vividly remember the strife that went on in my little heart, I forget whether I succeeded in hiding my emotions, or gave vent to them by the usual babyish kicks and tears.

This little incident occurred when I was three or four years old. I have some recollection of my mother, but it is not sufficiently clear for me to describe her character or appearance.

About two months after my fifth birthday my nurse took me surreptitiously one day into the darkened parlor, and holding me in her arms, let me gaze upon my mother resting in her coffin. I do not recall

my exact sensations, but as far as I can describe them they seemed to be more than anything else of quiet, awed amazement. For while it puzzled me to see my mother so still and unresponsive, yet I seemed to feel intuitively that this silence was inevitable. At the time, contrary to the family's fears, this first sight of death did not apparently have any effect on me whatever. As to the after effects of it upon my young life, I cannot say. But I have never ceased to be grateful to my nurse for taking me to see my mother, as the remembrance of her then has always quieted and rested me. I like to look upon the dead and have often wondered if I unconsciously compared their physical condition of absolute immobility to my own involuntary motion, and so felt them restful by comparison.

My grandfather died a few months after mother, and this time of my own accord I asked my nurse (by signs) to take me in to see his body. However, it made probably little or no impression as I remember the incident only very faintly.

One day about a year previous to the events just mentioned, my brother Sam came home on crutches. He had sprained his ankle. I had not been told of this accident, and so, totally unprepared, I was so frightened upon seeing him with crutches that, I have been told, my hands became icy and I gave serious indications of having a spasm before they could take him away. As long as my brother used crutches I was afraid of seeing him. Even the sound of them made me tremble and hide my face in the lap or arms of the person who happened to be near.

From this time until I was about fifteen years of age, the sight or sound of crutches always made me nervous. Then I grew ashamed of this ridiculous fear and gradually overcame it by reasoning with and forcing myself to look at persons on crutches whenever I had the opportunity. In a few years I entirely got over my dread of them. I even used crutches myself a few months partly for this purpose, and also to see if they would assist my locomotion, but no benefit was noticeable in that.

Ever since I can remember I have always had an aversion for unfortunates of any description and it really is an effort for me to go into a sick-room. I like to excuse this selfishness by attributing it to the sense of my unavailing sympathy and to the depressing consciousness of my inability to render any material assistance. I always feel *so* useless and in the way.

For years I have been in many ways more or less helpful to myself but when I wait upon anybody else, and feel that I am being watched, I get very nervous and clumsy. Until quite recently I disliked having others see me attempt to do anything, even for myself. This, too, was a sensitiveness I determined to overcome, and I succeeded largely by auto-suggestions of indifference to their sympathy, or whatever opinions they entertained of me and my limitations. This indifference has been comparatively easy to acquire, yet even now, I am occasionally embarrassed by the old diffidence when I find people's attention fixed on me. I used to dread meeting strangers. I enjoy it now. But I do find it more or less trying to be

left alone for a few moments with persons who cannot understand me and with whom I cannot communicate, thus proving time after time the truth of the old adage, "Silence is the best test of friendship." I agree with Maeterlinck that there are few, very *few* souls to whom we care to let the silence expose us. For it is only through the potent silence that we really know each other. I have learned more of individuals in life's rare moments of silence than I have in the years of ordinary intercourse with them. Silence is of the eternal spiritual foundation of our lives. It is our greatest means of knowing God and of knowing self, so we shun it either through fear or ignorance. One who has experienced the silences of life is never the same afterward.

One of my pastimes, when a wee child, was to make "tea" out of sugar and water and invite my dear old grandfather to drink it with me. Generally he was good-natured and I overtaxed his indulgence. The more he refused the more I insisted on his taking the beverage, such was the keen desire I had to get my own way. When I pressed this "tea" upon other members of the family, they would try to fool me by pretending to drink, but really throwing it away. When I discovered this I became perfectly furious because, even as a little child, it both hurt my feelings and aroused my greatest indignation to be deceived. Still now it hurts to be deceived but I try to overcome this foolish pride and self-love, for this is all that it is. If only we would not hug our dear little selves up so, and be so self-centered and conceited, so tenacious

of our rights and dignity, how infinitely happier we all would be! It is my observation that the more true humility a person possesses, the happier he is. But very few know even what humility is, and fewer still have it. Those who possess it are totally unconscious of their beautiful and rare gift. It takes genuine greatness of soul to be truly humble. Humility is one of the things learned in the sublime silences.

From my mother I inherited a fear of darkness. I had an abject terror of total darkness and my fright at the semi-darkness was little less. Although at an early age I realized that the specters that sprang out toward me from every corner in a partly darkened room were only shadows vivified by my own imagination, their very unreality but added to my fear. My involuntary motions increased very markedly and I used to break out in a cold perspiration when I was in bed alone. Very often I looked at the shadows as long as I could bear it—then I would hide my head under the covers, and after I had gotten my mind upon other things and had calmed down, I would go to sleep. But very frequently I would become so unnerved that I would scream, and my sister Ella would come and sit with me until I dozed off. Since I have been grown, I have often wondered whether Dickens' *Haunted Man* or the *Christmas Carol* had been read to me in early childhood and so had increased my fear by their descriptions. I remember when reading those stories for the first time myself, they seemed familiar. In the semi-darkness the shadows seemed to come out of the corners to snatch

me and take me into the denser gloom; then they retreated only to come forth again, retiring once more, crouching in the corners like menacing beasts. My dear sister was most faithful in staying with me at bedtime until I fell asleep, but if I awoke after she left me, I went through the same nerve-racking fright. When eight or nine years old my father and several physicians decided that on this account it was best to allow me to remain up until the family retired, and when sleepy to take naps in the room where others were sitting. My relief at this decision was indescribable and I was much less nervous almost as soon as this plan was adopted.

My horror of total darkness was a sensation of being suffocated in it, and sometimes I would actually gasp for breath. I used to feel that I was being utterly annihilated and absorbed into the darkness. It was the same even if someone were with or close beside me. My mother always had this fear and kept a light in her room all night. I have outgrown it but occasionally I still have this fear. One night not so long ago when I was more unnerved than usual the old fright of shadows came back, but I overcame it in five or ten minutes, assuring myself of my utter foolishness by flashing the light around the room. I went to sleep immediately after. Sometimes I still hesitate to go into a dark room by myself. But by following Emerson's advice, "If you fear a thing, do it," and by making myself go straight into the dark, all fear ceases, leaving me as comfortable as in broad daylight. With these exceptional occasions, I now enjoy

the dark, and I have for the past decade, as I do much better and clearer thinking in it.

One way by which I overcame this dread of the darkness was through the belief in, and the realization of God's omnipresence. As the horror of the dense darkness seemed to enter and permeate my very being, so now, God's Presence seems to enfold and illuminate me. Even in a physical manner this is true as I seem neither to be in darkness nor in light. I know this sounds incomprehensible but it is the only way I can describe it. Yet, as I have said, I seem to be *illuminated*. "Perhaps darkness shall cover me: and night shall be my light in my pleasures."

Until I was fourteen I never knew what it was to feel ill or fatigued unless I had a cold or was otherwise indisposed, and that was very seldom. Consequently, when a child I was very active, always playing or busy about something. All the physicians insisted on my taking a daily afternoon nap which I hated as it took me from my play in which I used to become absorbed. I often begged to be allowed to remain up a little longer. It was frequently a cause of contention and disobedience. After they discovered my fear of the dark I was allowed some light in the room when having my afternoon nap. Taking advantage of this, I hid large-print books under the couch and when unable to sleep, I would take one out and pretend to read, making up the words and stories out of my head. I had a vivid imagination but it required something to awaken it and I never was able to make up a story unless I had an open book in hand on

which to rivet my attention. I got the idea of inventing stories, while pretending to read, from my cousin who was six months younger than myself. Gradually learning the appearance of certain words and spelling out the shorter ones, I came actually to read a good while before anyone was aware of it. I kept it to myself as I wanted others to read to me as much and as long as possible. I was never happier than when being read to. I loved fairy stories and poetry.

My inability to dress and undress dolls, added to their inanity and unresponsiveness, made them very uninteresting to me. A talking doll amused me while it was new and I wondered why I, too, had not a string to be pulled *to make me talk also*.

My favorite pastime was playing store. I enjoyed arranging my wares for sale, empty spools and everything I could get. Doing this to my satisfaction, I would stamp my foot or clap my hands for the family to come and buy. I would amuse myself this way for hours, having plenty of customers. The diversion proved most beneficial in discipline both to my victim-customers and to me, because the instant I clapped, my stepgrandmother would drop everything; up would go her spectacles to their resting-place on the top of her saintly old head while she hastened to come and "buy" from me. And I would have the dear soul get up every few minutes. Everyone remarked how *active* for her age she was, and I credit myself for being the cause, for I gave her opportunity for plenty of exercise! Sister Ella thought it well to teach me patience, so if it were not convenient

for her to get up, she would make me wait a few minutes. Very often I became angry and impatient, but I believe she gradually instilled a little self-control and patience in me. I had imitation money, thus learning the value of currency. I have always been fond of business in any form. I enjoyed arranging and cleaning my doll house. Playing out-of-doors with dirt and sand was another diversion. I have ever been fond of all kinds of animals and almost fearless with them.

I was extremely fond of all games that I was able to play; Casino, Seven-up, and Parchesi were favorites when I was a child. When I was with other children they were most considerate, always wishing me to join in their more active games. But while enjoying them, I found Ring-around-the-rosy, Pussy-in-the-corner, and so on, very fatiguing, and I had more pleasure in looking on. Indeed, I believe I was as interested in watching the games as in taking part in them.

It has always been a wonder to me, but in looking back I cannot recall that I thought it strange or unusual, that I could not take part in what others did; I seemed almost unconscious of my physical limitations, until thirteen or fourteen.

Sister Ella says that only once, when I was eight or nine, did I express anything like regret. It was at a child's party. While they were dancing, sister Ella says I spelled to her, "How I wish that I could dance!" I do not remember the circumstances at all, and am inclined to think it was a suggestion caught

from others as there had been a discussion as to whether I would enjoy seeing the children at their amusements, or would it sadden me to be just an on-looker. My aunt and my little cousin, whose party it was, in a quandary consulted sister Ella who advised my being invited. She was quite right as I would have been much hurt had I not received an invitation. I always liked to be in everything that others did, feeling hurt and not understanding why I was left out sometimes. But pride would not let me show my wounded feelings; in this way I got the credit of being much more sensible than I really was. I am very grateful for this youthful power of hiding my emotions as it has helped me very much in becoming indifferent to things that most people hold important. As Henry James says, "Suppress an emotion or a desire, and it ceases." Better still is this truth expressed by Thomas à Kempis, "Leave thy desires and thou shalt find rest."

I remember feeling bad at seeing my cousin, who was a few months younger than I, outgrowing me and going about more socially; but eventually I accepted it as a matter of course.

I have always been fond of seeing dancing of all descriptions. There is something in the rhythm that has a wonderful charm. What music is to my ear, the dance or any graceful movement of the body is to my eye. So sensitive am I to this that if persons are awkward in any way, it prejudices me against them until I have learned their fine qualities of character. I have not much use for ugly people either, but

when I grow fond of them I always seem to see something in their faces to admire and take solace in. I am much less sensitive to voices than to appearances; however, I fairly revel in a beautiful conversational voice, as so much of the soul is shown in it. Ugly, disagreeable voices I do not notice much, one way or the other.

I care very little for singing. Instrumental music appeals as my moods vary. As a child I was passionately fond of it. Even now, there is nothing I enjoy more at times, than to have persons of whom I am fond, play to me, especially *if they let themselves out* in the music. I seem to know them better and better in this way, as though they had taken me into their confidence and had bestowed upon me a deeper and truer friendship. On my side I have wished to give and I hope that I have given comfort and help just by listening sympathetically and understandingly to their playing. There are many things never told save in music—neither in this life nor in the life to come.

My favorite instruments are the violin, the harp, and the piano. I believe Beethoven, Chopin, and Verdi are my pet composers but it is very hard to say, as I have heard the compositions of all the well-known composers and have enjoyed one almost as much as another. But of course none can approach those of Beethoven.

As a child, not knowing anything different, I was not at all sensitive about being merely stared at on the street or in public places; consequently, it never hurt or embittered me. Although indifferent at being

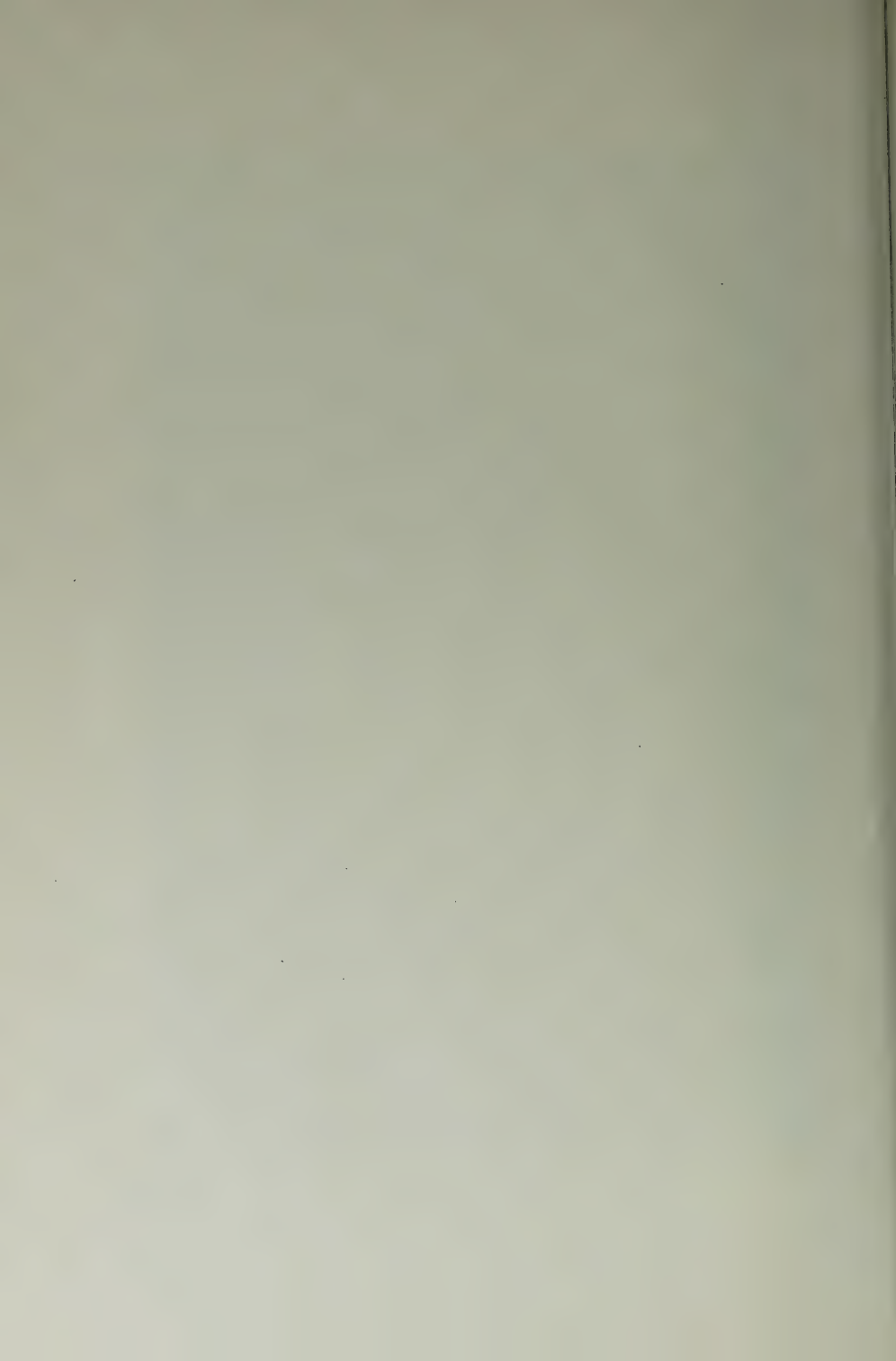
stared at on the street, I was extremely diffident about meeting strangers, but I was too proud to acknowledge or show it. The family never knew it until a few years ago when I confessed what a struggle it had cost me many a time to go composedly into the parlor and appear at ease before guests. I had many opportunities for self-conquest in this, as my father, in his pride and affection, would often call me to meet his patients. Not being able to talk has always been a relief in this way as I never have to think up what to say to people when first introduced. I do not mind meeting strangers at all now, only many people bore me.

Moreover, as a child I was always very intolerant of all manifestations of sympathy, disliking persons who allowed me to feel that I was otherwise than normal. I resented with all my heart being watched to see if I "would hurt" myself, or "would not tire" myself, or fall; or, did not I "want this,—or that?" All over-loving solicitude was most galling, and the more so because I condemned my own ingratitude for the unwelcome sympathy and attention. However, for the past twenty years or so, I have experienced very little annoyance this way as people, even strangers, seem to know that I dislike to be compassionated, and they generally strive to show their sympathy in a thousand delicate, *hidden* ways, each showing the golden heart of the individual. I have come to bask in the looks of the passer-by on the street, for everything that touches the heart and makes it go out in sympathy to others broadens one



Photograph by Bachrach

AT THE AGE OF SEVEN



in every way as nothing else can. So I am glad to be of service as a heart-opener.

On the other hand, only since being grown up have I been in the least annoyed about being conspicuous. This has been largely caused by my being sensitive to the feelings of the persons who accompany me as I see it is very mortifying and annoying to them. This has frequently made me feel so badly and sorry for them that it takes all the pleasure out of going about. But I enjoy going about with sister Ella and some others like her who are more sensible about submitting to the inevitable.

Three or four times I have been so provoked with myself for minding the poor people staring at me that I have felt like going where I could draw the largest crowd and remaining there until I had overcome my repugnance. Sometimes those with whom I am walking will not let me converse on the street for fear of my being even more conspicuous. This I have found to be hardest—to submit my judgment to theirs and maintain silence.

But, fortunately, these disagreeable experiences have occurred since I became a Catholic, so I have always found consolation and courage to endure the rude staring by remembering how Christ underwent similar trials on His way to Calvary, voluntarily, and for *my* sake. This leads me to think: "The servant is not greater than the Master," so I try to rejoice and thank God that I have opportunities to experience a little—a shadow—of what my Divine Saviour underwent, and to suffer it for His sake.

When I was seven or eight my father got me a wooden tricycle which was of untold benefit in my physical development. At first my feet had to be strapped to the pedals but in about six months I learned to keep my feet on the pedals unstrapped. I had no difficulty in learning to guide it and this taught me concentration and alertness both of mind and eye. My nurses kept me out for hours on it on the streets and squares in the daytime. In the evenings I rode up and down in front of our home. I was utterly fearless, ventured everywhere, and had many occasions of getting out of danger just by quickness of thought and action. Because the tricycle was very light, I could get up a surprising amount of speed and get far ahead of my nurses. I had very few accidents on it and these were invariably caused by children trying to help push the tricycle, or sometimes when they were around, I would get excited and lose control of my hands and feet. Left to myself, I *never* lost control of my head or nerve. It was my greatest pleasure to be out, and in those days I never felt fatigued. Not only was the tricycle a diversion, but a great means of instruction. On it I learned a good portion of the city of which without my machine I would have remained in ignorance. I even went to the markets and shopping districts, seeing a variety of sights and coming in contact with a number of classes of people that I could never have known otherwise. In my way the streets were as much educators to me as they are to the street urchins. I always met with expressions of sympathy, or of ridicule. Both I took as

matters of fact. As puppets in a passing show I have been extremely fond of humanity. When it comes to specific relations with individuals, they *bore* me to death!—except a few rare souls.

One of my little amusements when on my tricycle was to pretend I was going to run right into people, and then quickly guide out of the way—so immensely did I enjoy their looks and gestures of consternation together with their perplexity as to which way to turn. It amused me also to hear them discuss whether I had “good sense” or not. Frequently I would hear some one who knew me by sight say: “Yes, she has good sense and if you think she is crazy, she’ll fool you!” To this day, my friends and acquaintances are sometimes called to resent such questions as to my intelligence.

As a child they say I was generally amenable to reason, and I recall how flattered I used to be at any appeal to my intellect—most people are—but I especially since all my life I had heard my mentality discussed.

I have said that until fourteen I was almost unconscious of my physical limitations. One incident which occurred when I was eight or nine comes to memory. I had conceived an intense desire of possessing a wheel having small bells on the spokes which jingled when it was pushed along by the shaft-like handle attached to the wheel. I asked a relative to get this toy for me. She said my wanting it was nonsensical—that I could not roll it after I had gotten it, and I would hurt myself with it. Now I had seen other

children as small as I playing with them, so I began to question *why* I could not manage one as well as they. Being refused was a keen disappointment as I had dreamed for weeks of having the toy. Finally, after some days of pleading she bought it for me and I found that by holding on to the furniture with one hand and pushing the wheel with the other, I could walk and manage it quite well around the house. I believe this was the first inkling I had of being different from others, and noticing or discovering that locomotion was a greater effort for me than for the generality of humanity. Up to this, I really think I took my condition as a matter of course. My aunt's remarks had put me to questioning and taking notice, but only in a vague way.

I cannot remember whether I thought it strange that I did not talk, except in the incident of the talking doll. But I have been told that it was heart-rending to see my efforts to make myself understood before I learned to spell. One after another of our large household would carry me from room to room, from object to object, so that I could point out my wishes. When this failed, they would name over all sorts of possible things I could desire—and very ingenious they were in guessing. They say I appreciated their efforts and for a long time would be patient, but at length I would cry—my soft-hearted grandmother told me—until I exhausted myself. For when I wanted a thing I generally was determined to get it and would spend an hour or more trying to make myself understood. But sometimes I would realize very soon the futility of my efforts and become resigned.

I have a few signs, only about a dozen, originated when a small child. My closed hand to mouth and throwing back my head means "to drink." Pushing hair back from forehead signifies "hot," or "warm." Shivering and holding arms to body, "cold." Shaking head and shrugging shoulders, "I don't know." Right hand to mouth with the left to ear means "telephone." But the sign I most frequently use is rubbing my thumb and fingers together like sprinkling salt; originally it meant sugar but now it has come to mean "beautiful," "pretty," "sweet," and in hourly use modifies many things. I use this sign for everything that is lovely or pleasing.

It is habitual for me to invent signals as I think of them, and as occasion demands. Then, if the person addressed does not understand, I spell the word out. I really believe I facilitate my communication with others by projecting my thoughts into their minds, as very often I am understood before I have had time to use my fingers. I think I have always done this unconsciously but during the last decade, I have done it deliberately with splendid results. The least anxiety or over-consciousness while projecting thoughts spoils everything. My family and friends are always most considerate in endeavoring to be anticipative in order to save me from all unnecessary effort.

But to return to my childhood. At six or seven I had commenced to play with blocks on which were the letters of the alphabet. I was taught what they were and I learned to spell a number of words of one syllable. From the time that I found a box-lid labeled

"candy" and took it to someone to know what the word spelled, I was insatiable in seeking objects with lettering on them and learning their significance. In my daily drives with father, I would constantly nudge him to attract attention, then point to the billposters to learn what the words on them were. Returning home I would try to spell them out with my blocks, thus early in life learning the value of repetition, for in passing and re-passing the billposters I soon became familiar with the construction of a goodly number of words.

My method of inquiry was to attract attention in some way— look up into the person's eyes *questioningly* while indicating with my hand the object upon which I sought information. Sometimes I was not understood but I persisted, crying and fretting until I got some satisfaction. The family usually understood me quickly, and almost by inspiration. Unconsciously at first, but with increasing deliberation, I have tried to put into my eyes as much expression of my desires and sentiments as possible to facilitate my being understood. I have often wondered to what extent I could develop this speaking with the eyes were I thrown among strangers. Being always with those who understood me I have never had the chance to experiment.

Another way by which I learned to read was by having a story read over and over until I knew it word for word. Then I would take the book and impress the appearance of the words on my memory, and anticipating in this way, it seems the present day method of reading by sight.

About this time an advertisement containing the manual alphabet was thrown in at our door and found by a playmate who learned it and taught it to me, much to father's consternation. He had hoped that if such things were kept from me I would learn to speak. Father never learned it, but the rest of the family did and since then expressing myself has been smooth sailing. I cannot remember being specially elated at finding a method of communication with others. I presume I learned it so gradually that I took it as a matter of course. But sister Ella says that I manifested much pleasure and went around urging everyone to learn the manual alphabet. I *do* remember that once being able to express myself I greatly enjoyed talking with my fingers, the greatest pleasure being to hear some news and be the *first* to tell it, so I was called "The Little Gazette."

An amusing incident is recalled. My cousin announced to sister Fannie his engagement, binding her to strict secrecy. I was lying on a couch in the room unnoticed. (We think that our cousin thought I was asleep or incapable of understanding.) However, the minute they left the room I went upstairs and told another sister the news, half by spelling on my fingers and partly by signs, "Howard is engaged!" I tried to impose secrecy on my sister; but either she did not understand, or the news was too good to keep. Anyhow, she let it out causing my cousin to become very angry with my sister Fannie for her betrayal of confidence. And it was the longest time before we could convince him that I was the culprit. My sign for

secrecy has always been, pressing the forefinger against the lips. I have recently learned it is commonly used by the generality of deaf-mutes.

When eight years old, my sister Ella commenced to teach me regularly. I had daily about three hours of "school" with frequent intermissions of fifteen or twenty minutes; for if I showed the least fatigue, she would dismiss me for a short rest. The first year I studied spelling and arithmetic and learned to print and write script. While I managed to write and print more or less legibly, the effort to steady my hand was very tiring and hard on my nerves. So, when I got a typewriter, I gave up all attempts at penmanship. I had much less trouble in forming figures and continued to do my arithmetic on the slate and black-board.

The second year reading and geography were added to my studies. In teaching reading, sister Ella did not oblige me to spell out the words or sentences verbatim on my hands; but to save me as much as possible, she would assign portions of a page or so to read to myself, and then make me tell her the gist of it; or sometimes just question me to see if I had read it intelligently. Words in the reader that were unfamiliar I would mark and she would tell me their meaning. In hearing my geography, sister Ella would question me in such a manner as facilitated my answering it in as abbreviated form as possible. This method she pursued in all my studies. She has since told me that she made it quite a study how to elicit intelligent and thorough answers from me with the least effort on

my part since I had comparatively few signs and abbreviations.

My studies were gradually extended until they included etymology, English literature, rhetoric, English and American history, natural history, physiology, mental philosophy, natural philosophy, a little Latin and French. English grammar was eliminated upon the supposition of my acquiring correct usage of language by observation and reading. Consequently, I have been obliged to take it up in recent years as necessity demanded. Although fond of arithmetic, I never was a Hypatia and only had progressed as far as fractions when I had to discontinue my "schooling." History and literature were always my favorite studies.

During these years it is said that I discussed my studies with the family very well. But since I have been grown I can recall hardly anything of what I acquired at that time, nor of the events that transpired. I attribute this lapse of memory largely to the physical drain and exhaustion from which I have suffered before and since becoming physiologically a woman. Indeed, I feel that this has markedly lowered my physical and intellectual ability.

From my sister Ella I learn that I was five or six when I first began to help myself by pulling on and off my stockings. I presume I began it from being so fond of going barefooted that I would pull off my shoes and stockings whenever permitted. But I was fourteen or fifteen before I buttoned or laced my shoes, and over thirty before I *tied* my laced shoes.

This is due to never having been obliged to do it. In tying bows, I hold the loop between the forefinger and knuckle of the thumb of my left hand. I put the other lace over the loop with right hand and with my right thumb push the lace through and tighten the bow. In almost all cases where others use the forefinger, I use the thumb of my right hand since I have hardly any control over the right index finger because of muscular contractions. However, I have noticed that the contractions are slightly better than when I was quite young, for in grasping or getting this index finger around anything I had once to make considerable effort to straighten it out with my other hand before getting it around things. Now I grasp objects with it almost unconsciously. Also it used to pain when straightened out, but for ten or fifteen years, this has ceased entirely. I think massage has helped it a good bit. I am sure I could acquire more control over this forefinger by more use and training but I am so accustomed to the use of my thumb in its stead and so successful that I have not now the thought and patience necessary to the formation of new habits.

I deeply regret not knowing before I lost ambition and energy what I know now of psychology in the training of the body. I am aware of having overcome many obstacles unconsciously in the training of my wayward muscles, but if the work had been intelligently done, I am sure the results would have been double by now.

My reason for thinking that there might have been

a possibility of acquiring more control of my fingers is that in the effort of walking I had acquired a bad case of knock-knee. This developed when I commenced to walk, and continued to increase, until I was past maturity. At that time I began, and continued for four years, to be treated by massage. My knees have greatly improved, straightening out most markedly in comparison with what they had been. I think my constant suggestions and effort to keep my knees straight in walking had their telling effect in the improvement. Therefore, I believe that I could have accomplished similar results in the control of my hands.

I find that determination and mental-picturing of the action is of much assistance in the accomplishment of the most trivial matters, such as buttoning and hooking clothes; for whenever I find difficulty in doing this, I pause a few minutes, completely relax and picture to myself how I have seen others do the thing; then I see myself *doing* it. After this I return to my task, and nearly always the garment gets fastened. And very often I cannot tell how I did it. I am frequently conscious of mentally saying to inanimate things: "You *cannot* conquer me!" and they *do not!*

Of course it takes me three times as long to do things as it does other people; but I often think perhaps this is a blessing as it fills up the minutes in the accomplishment of the few things I am able to do, whereas, being quicker, I might run out of occupation; and time which flies so rapidly for me now, might hang heavily on my hands.

This slowness of action is a kindness of old age, too. Because as the years gradually unfit us for activity and one by one life's duties cease, I imagine we glide imperceptibly into a contented existence filled only with doing the trifles left to our weary old brains and hands.

YOUTH

I REMEMBER very little of the period between my tenth and fifteenth year. When I was fourteen, we moved to the country where we remained about eighteen months. One day the old nursery rhyme,

*Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.*

kept running through my mind so I conceived the desire of having a lamb, and my ever-indulgent father purchased one. It was much larger than I had expected and I was in a quandary as to how to tame the creature that had nearly reached full growth and was very wild, not allowing anyone to come near it. My father had it brought from the stable every morning and tied to a tree on the lawn. The first few days, whenever I or anyone else approached, the poor thing would whirl around and around the tree in terror. So I would take a book and gradually sit nearer and nearer. Then I would pet her and feed her sugar. In a few weeks she had become so tame that we allowed her to run at large over the place, and

whenever she heard my footsteps on the porch, she would run bleating up to the house from a distance of two hundred yards or more. She came to me whenever I clapped my hands, as a dog would at hearing his master's whistle.

The taming of Psyche—for so I named my lamb—was a help in developing my courage and perseverance. In her fright I was afraid she would butt or do me some injury, yet as I had asked my father for her I was determined not to show my fear but to conquer her. Then, too, although I was so interested in training her, it seemed so cruel to make her suffer so much from fright that it was a temptation to give it up from sheer pity. Afterwards I was fully repaid by her affection and the pleasure she gave which I hope she shared. I even got her to go up and down stairs, and to climb into a hammock with me. Indeed she became one of the family. We always thought her intelligence was helped greatly by two dogs we had at the time. Everything the dogs did Psyche would imitate, and we thought she considered herself as much a dog as they.

In my nature there is apparently a hard, cruel streak. And so when I had bestowed my warmest affection on Psyche for six or eight months until she became a nuisance, devouring flowers, and so forth, I actually sold her to our butcher who sold her back to us as a nice roast! I remember how grieved I was to part with her, yet I would not acknowledge to myself or others how deeply I felt her loss; for at that time, I thought it a weakness to be too much attached

to anything. I wanted to be a Stoic. We felt a little queer and sad while eating her. But I had wanted her killed, partly so I could be sure of her being out of danger of ill-treatment or suffering in any way.

This inclination to Stoicism has been of great benefit throughout life. From a child of twelve, deriving pleasure from testing my moral strength by accepting whatever happened, and by depriving myself of little things, it gradually taught me to accept with more or less complacency privations and crosses inseparable from my physical limitations. I remember how as a child I hated to show disappointment at anything when I knew it was inevitable. But naturally, when I thought I could gain my wishes by showing disappointment, I manifested it in every possible way, crying and coaxing. Whenever I could, I persisted until I obtained whatever I wished, and sometimes, just for the sake of having my own way.

Before moving to the country, I determined to be very unhappy while living there. In the first place, on account of my inactivity, my visits to the country were irksome to me, and besides, I loved city life. Secondly, most of those by whom I was surrounded at home shared my tastes, and I was so influenced at that time by others that I felt it was superior to be dissatisfied and discontented with my lot, despite my Stoic ideals.

As a matter of fact, I was very happy there for I enjoyed country life thoroughly. Autumn, winter, spring and summer each had its particular charm. I dearly loved Nature and felt at home with her in all

her varying moods. I was at the period of adolescence when things seem most beautiful and Nature was at her loveliest in my eyes and continued to be for the following ten or twelve years. Even to this day, I am never so happy as when witnessing a storm by myself or with a congenial friend. Thunder and lightning are always sources of inspiration, and I feel completely carried out of self by them.

Yet, with all this happiness and freedom of country life, it was the twilight of childhood's simple day. I always had been a bright, observing, thoughtful, but very happy child, free of care, and unquestioning as to the meaning of life. But this was my first prolonged stay in the country, and this first close intimacy with Nature awoke my conscious being. I sought to be mature. (A child of fifteen! How pathetically amusing!) In the ensuing years I have found that maturity is only childhood completed, filled out, and, in some respects, rendered yet more simple, paradoxical as that may seem. When a girl, I longed to be a woman, but, having arrived, I try to be a woman and child in one.

In these days of adolescence I was sensitive to the sorrows of those around me and this gradually awakened me to the sad realities in the lives of others as well as to those of my own, with the future and the hopelessness of my physical condition—the inevitable deprivation of girlhood pleasures, of wifehood, and of motherhood. Not that I was ever especially fond of children, but I just wanted to be normal.

It was about this time also, that it was deemed

best to put me on my guard, to tell me that I was no longer a child, and that *all* my fellow-beings could not be trusted. It was a beautiful balmy spring day that I was told, and first realized the dark side of life. So the sorrow of my newly acquired knowledge seemed all the greater in contrast to the brightness of Nature. I brooded and wept a week making myself most miserable, and even recoiling from my informants who were most near to me. I do not believe I ever felt quite the same towards them again; and I have never given that pure, childlike, free, unquestioning affection to anyone since. I had always been more or less reserved in the bestowal of my affections, and this incident made me doubly so. With the years this reserve has increased, and now I think it would be quite an effort to love anyone very much.

I had heard and read of evil long before the day of which I write, but it had never been brought home to me as it was then. I had regarded the existence of evil as an inevitable *fact* but one with which I had nothing to do. It was utterly apart from my sheltered life.

It was at this time that the emotional side of my nature began to awake and it has been on the alert ever since.

Apart from this growing sadness, my life in the country was one of happiness and I now look back with keen regret at my foolishness in not having enjoyed the happiness to the fullest extent, and by so doing, adding greatly to my father's pleasure in seeing me happy. My regret has been all the more keen

because he died a few months after our return to the city. Although my father was an ideal parent and never left one stone unturned for my comfort and pleasure, his death seemed to me a relief from all worry and sorrow. I was so cheerful the day of his funeral that a relative remarked that I did not realize what had occurred. But I did—vastly more than she ever knew. Father was devoted to me, gave me more love than I could stand. This I felt keenly, for I always was very fond of him, without loving him much, and I constantly reproached myself with ingratitude. Before his death, I had allowed myself for several years to be influenced and embittered against father. Added to this, until the last three or four years, ever since I knew about such matters, I had held my parents responsible for my physical condition. And the question arises: Had this anything to do—even subconsciously—with my lack of affection for them as a little child? Viewing things in more mature light, at the present day, I consider my attitude unwarranted and am exceedingly grateful to my parents for my being in the world.

I am not naturally bitter but only weak, and I permitted myself to be influenced in a very unfortunate way from the time I was eight until I was twenty-five. I believed that knocking one's poor head against the proverbial stone wall showed wide judgment and largeness of intellect. Gradually, I have learned that true greatness of mind consists in accepting life, persons, and things as one finds them, and in making the best of whatever happens.

“Love that only which happens to thee and is spun with the thread of thy destiny. For what is more profitable?” said Marcus Aurelius, to whom I owe a huge debt of gratitude for my philosophy of life.

I believe I have always been of a speculative and philosophical turn of mind, which I consider to have been, and which still continues to be, one of my greatest blessings. When knowledge comes in any form it is most welcome, as I am ever eager for any information that comes my way.

I am very grateful that from my earliest years I have been constantly surrounded by those who read and discussed topics of the widest interest. Under my father's roof, not only were art, literature, music, and science matters of daily conversation, but occultism and kindred subjects were discussed also. To this I owe an inestimable amount of my education, for I soon appreciated what I could gain without any effort except an open ear. So I listened assiduously whenever possible. I felt years older and vastly superior in knowledge to the few children with whom I came in contact. Even to this day, intellectual pride is a fault of mine, and I feel that it is well to have delayed my memoirs until now, as the feeling of complacency at what seems to me a well-turned sentence is less keen than previously. This is all very trifling—but little sparks sometimes show a great fire. And *my pride is great*. It is spiritual too. For in my attitude of aloofness, of which I am sadly conscious, the generality of people appear so stupid, so utterly engrossed in ma-

terial things that they fail to see the higher, spiritual side of life. Yet I know I am gravely at fault in judging only by appearances.

At sixteen my greatly increased nervousness compelled me to give up all study, much to my regret, as I was just beginning to realize the inestimable value of education. As a child during the first years of my systematic study, I was very ambitious and studious. After that, I lost interest and sister Ella had to coax me to study at all. I realized that she was right, but studying was so tedious and I wanted to acquire knowledge by merely reading, avoiding all mental effort. My most vivid recollection is of superficially studying the lessons in as short a time as possible with the intention of remembering them just long enough to answer correctly when questioned; after that I did not care whether I remembered them or not. I did the same with my examinations, with the consequence that most frequently I did not know my lessons and my teacher would make me study them again. This provoked me with myself for not being smarter and not knowing them in the first place instead of having to "waste" all that time in going over them. To this day, nothing makes me more angry when things go wrong than to know that I cannot put the blame on anyone but *myself*. I have yet to learn to say *mea culpa* properly.

In my youth I was rather curious about other people's affairs. This disagreeable trait lingers yet to a degree, but I believe that time and my passing through the greater experiences of life are gradually

eliminating it. At the present day, I often start to ask a question about someone and then stop, thinking, "Oh, what's the use?" This sometimes comes from my being too lazy to make the effort of spelling it on my fingers, but frequently from the thought and example of a very good friend, a Jesuit priest. While being one of the most broadly cultured gentlemen I have ever known, he seems utterly incurious about unimportant matters. I see him frequently but no matter what the occasion, he has yet to evince the slightest curiosity. This, aside from his many admirable qualities, puts him so far above his fellow beings, that it is ever a source of amazement and admiration to me. Yet he always manifests the greatest fatherly interest possible. Indeed I know few who could be compared with him both as a gentleman or as a priest, and I feel singularly blest in having his friendship.

Curiosity is of inestimable value in its proper use but it is the *rara avis* indeed who does not abuse it. Up to my twenty-third year, I was exceedingly loquacious. Since then I have grown less and less fond of talking. It is somewhat physically fatiguing now for one thing, and when one has passed through a few of life's experiences, nothing much seems really worth saying. Besides, the older I get the more I appreciate our feathered brother's wisdom and try to follow it:

*A wise old owl lived in an oak.
The more he heard, the less he spoke.
The less he spoke, the more he heard.
Why can't we all be like this bird?*

One night when I was fourteen, sister Ella and I were awakened by a stealthy movement under our beds. Immediately we *knew* it must be a man and I was very much frightened. Sister Ella whispered that we would fare better if we pretended to be asleep and let him take what he wanted and get out of the room. For five or ten minutes I tried to follow her advice and lie very still. But the strain was too great because the more quiet I try to become physically, the more I twitch; and this in itself is very exhausting. Besides there was the mental strain of hearing the pushing against the slats, which would stop and then begin again. I imagined all sorts of things befitting an ideal burglar and desperado, lavishly supplied with pistols and knives. Finally, I trembled so and was bathed in such profuse cold perspiration that sister Ella becoming concerned about the possible effect the tension might have on my nerves, decided something ought to be done. Thinking it might after all be our pet dog, she called: "Jack! Jack! *Jack!*" In a few moments two little paws came up on the bed and a warm little tongue licked her hand while an appealing whine said: "Oh, please let me stay with you!" I was so relieved that I completely relaxed immediately and was soon sleeping as though nothing had disturbed me; but the incident had so unnerved sister Ella that she was hours getting to sleep. This ability to relax thoroughly as soon as relieved of any strain has happily been mine all my life.

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS AND BELIEF

I will bless the Lord who hath given me understanding.

WHEN TWO DAYS OLD I was thought to be dying but revived upon being baptized by an Episcopal clergyman. My religious training was begun by sister Ella eight years later. I learned the fundamental doctrines of the Episcopal Church and to repeat my prayers mentally after my sister.

Frequently I went to the Episcopal Church where the attractive personality of the clergyman impressed his sermons upon me, although I was capable of understanding only a little of them.

For several years I believed implicitly everything my sister told me. But I remember when confronted by my first real doubts, I answered them with the impetuosity of childhood. Until then I had unquestionably believed in the Trinity: namely, "In one God there are three distinct persons, perfectly equal, of the same substance, and having the same nature: The Father who is self-existent, the Son who is born of the Father before all ages, and the Holy Ghost

who proceeds eternally from the Father and the Son as from one principle: and that the Three Persons are one and the same Lord and God." But on the occasion mentioned, my sister had read me the account of Christ's Ascension and I began mentally to question in childish fashion: "If Jesus Christ were really Almighty God and loved me enough to come down from Heaven, why did He not stay here all the time, or at least until I was born and could have known Him?" I have since thought it was when my family was reading Eugene Sue's *The Wandering Jew* and I was being told portions of it that I was led to argue that if a mere human being could live century after century, why not our Lord whose "delight is to be with the children of men?" Neither could I reconcile Our Lord's promise to be with us "even to the consummation of the world" with His Ascension into Heaven.

To the child of ten or eleven "Heaven" is a *place*, far, far beyond the stars at an inconceivable distance from the earth; a beautiful happy country in the Somewhere—but that Somewhere is so vague and misty that it verges on the Nowhere. And it was thither that Christ had gone.

I had not grasped the idea of the omnipresence of God; nor of God's spiritual union with His Church. I conceived of no other union than a material presence perceivable by my physical senses. So I gradually lost faith in Christ's Divinity especially as I frequently heard it discussed by those around us.

I stopped attending the Episcopal Church and often accompanied my father to the Friends' (Quaker)

Meeting where I absorbed the idea of an immanent God and learned my first lessons in recollection and meditation. Sometimes not a word was spoken during the whole hour that Meeting was held. Strange to say, I did not mind this as I seemed to have caught the quiet, restful spirit of those around in their simple yet profound communing with God. And I was content with the unbroken silence. What my own interior occupations were, I cannot remember. But I enjoyed studying and comparing the faces of those in the Meeting House.

Some Friends believe in the divinity of Christ, while others affirm that He was merely a human being whose spiritual nature, highly developed, manifested the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in man in the most perfect manner, being thereby the one great Model that all men should imitate and follow. This is the view I held until I was fifteen or sixteen.

I have always been in contact with Catholics and cannot remember the time when I did not cross myself when going into the dark or whenever I was frightened. I did it secretly, considering it an ignorant Catholic superstition; yet I always felt a strong sense of protection in doing it. Taken frequently to Catholic churches, I ever felt in them that restful, peaceful, all-satisfying brooding of the Eternal Wings, that I experienced in the Friends' Meeting, only more intensely and in a vastly more spiritual manner. For while confused by the ceremonies, I seemed to know in my childish way that back of all the religious ceremonial there was eternal and all-prevailing Truth.

The very magnificence and splendor of the Church's functions had a reactionary effect, and by their overstimulation of my eyes and ears, made the invisible seem all the more near. I remember such was my experience when visiting Catholic places of worship as a child though I cannot say how much this description is colored by my present opinions. But I know I was always awed and hushed beneath the touch of the Infinite whenever in a Catholic Church.

Yet I had strong anti-Catholic prejudices, being very thankful that I had not been born a Roman Catholic. Once, when my nurse had taken me into St. Alphonsus Church and I had seen the numerous statues of the saints therein, I was erroneously informed, or I somehow got the impression, that Catholics had to say a different prayer to a different saint on each bead of the rosary. An ordinary rosary has only fifty-nine beads but to my childish eyes, it had a thousand. I remember thinking, "What a tiresome, roundabout way to get to God! How glad I am that I am not a Catholic, and *never* will be one!"

Another deeply rooted false idea was that Catholics worshipped the Blessed Virgin Mary, even placing her before God. I bitterly resented such idolatry. Yet I say in all charity that this false opinion was due to the poorly educated but pious Irish servants around me. Everything with them was the "Blessed Virgin." I hardly ever heard them mention the Lord. I once hurt a servant very much by refusing to kiss a picture of the Madonna and Child, so tenacious was I of the worship due to the Supreme Being.

I had also the opinion that *all* Catholics were sly and deceitful, not to be trusted in any way. Ordinary priests, of course, inculcated underhandedness and were bad enough, but Jesuits! They were simply monsters of iniquity! A vast association of "black-hands" protected by the cloak of religion.

This idea also I got from Eugene Sue's book, *The Wandering Jew*. But needless to say, I had never met a Jesuit at that time. Now, my admiration for them is as great as my former dislike and some of my most esteemed friends belong to the order.

Another factor that had earlier greatly influenced my religious tendencies was that we were next-door neighbors to a charming Jewish family. Their youngest son and I were of the same age and were constant playmates. A more perfect little gentleman in thoughtfulness and courtesy I never met. Indeed, he was almost angelic in never tiring of pushing my tricycle and doing everything he could for my amusement and pleasure. But he used to awaken first my irritability, then my pity, and as I grew older, my admiration, by perseveringly sitting on his steps as solemn as a little judge, on Friday nights while all the other children in the block were having the finest time playing and racing on the street. Nothing we could do would get him to leave his steps. And I remember when I would try to get him to ride my tricycle around the block *just once* on Fridays after six, I can hear him say, "Oh, I mustn't!" From him I learned a little of the Jewish faith, and then I used to go into their house and hear his family talk, and see their

preparations for their home religious rites for which I was taught always to have respect.

Gradually, when about thirteen, I lost interest in going to Friends' Meeting, and began to question whether Jesus Christ was even a man worth following, or an impostor as the Jews thought. From this time on until my conversion to the Catholic Church nearly four years later, I held this questioning attitude while tentatively retaining, to a slight degree, the Friends' idea.

Ever since I can remember, I have been so monotheistic, so firm in my belief in God, the Father Omnipotent, Creator of all things, and in Him *only* that even when apparently accepting the Episcopal doctrine of the Trinity, I did not love or reverence Christ much. And from this on, until the year 1896, I resented the worship paid to Christ as being detrimental to the supreme worship of the *One* God. This monotheistic tendency growing stronger and stronger, I determined to study seriously Judaism whenever I had the opportunity; for with my faith in the Old Testament and fragmentary knowledge of Judaism, I expected to find the ultimate Truth in that religion, and satisfaction for my extreme monotheistic ideas.

But this coveted opportunity never came. Moving into the country put an end to my intercourse with my Jewish friends. Books were very inconvenient to obtain. After our return to the city my nerves and eyes were in such poor condition that such reading and study were out of the question.

When I first showed an interest in Judaism, the

family took it as a joke and teased me; then as I persisted, several relatives, becoming anxious, spoke to me seriously against having such opinions. But it was useless. I was not influenced in the least. Finally, I got to the mental attitude that it had to be Judaism or agnosticism.

It seems strange that a child from thirteen to seventeen should have such thoughts; but I had always been with persons much older than myself and brought up in a home in which there was more shadow than sunshine, caused by the passing of an almost ideal wife and mother who, as I have said, crossed the Bar soon after my fifth birthday. And I was always sensitive to the sorrow of those around me even before I was old enough to understand what it meant. In looking back, it is without exaggeration when I say that I never, in my whole life, have been with a person who was not unhappy in some way. So living among the shadows of others' hearts from babyhood made me mature much earlier than many girls. Besides, my more or less inactive life gave plenty of opportunity for observing grown-ups and studying things out.

At fifteen I became very much depressed mentally. In a great measure, this was due to my physical condition. It was caused also by a more vivid and intelligent comprehension of the sorrows of my dear ones. Besides I was beginning to see and to consider what life held and *did not* hold for me as an individual; the future was anything but alluring, especially with my languishing faith in the supernatural, or even in high ideals.

About this time began the mental misery from which I suffered until I accepted the authoritative teachings of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, which ended my desolate, hopeless questioning about the ultimate purpose of existence in general and in human life in particular. What was the purpose of all the discord, grief, and unhappiness which we human beings endured? Why was I born? Why was I, with my intelligence, so physically handicapped? From a child, I had heard wonder and admiration expressed at my mentality. And now several persons whose sympathy was greater than their discretion began to foster my bitterness by saying, "Just to think, Gertrude, what a fine mind you have, yet have to be as you are. It's an outrage!" "With your looks and brilliant mind what a future you'd have had!" Yet these persons would have laid down their lives for me, and had anyone told them they were harming me, they would not have believed it. How can the cold North Wind know that it is blighting a budding flower? I was just at the age when such sentiments had their greatest influence. I was highly flattered by being talked to in this way, and came to think it was "big" to be embittered and resentful. But I am utterly at a loss to say just how much bitterness and discontent I got from outside influence, and how much I evolved from my own mind.

Amid this personal upheaval, I could find no one to give me anything like adequate answers to my questions concerning life's mysteries. With their various beliefs that were all open to question everybody

seemed to be in the same dilemma. So I very soon came to be of the opinion that I was as capable, and had just as much right to form my own conclusions as my elders.

But I needed a guide—someone to sustain my growing intellect in its groping after Truth. And it was desolation of desolation to find there was no one on whose word I could rely with certitude, or on whose convictions I could lean; for what more than mere speculation had they to offer? Not that I think Protestants in general are not positive in their beliefs, for of this I never had a chance of judging. But the few with whom I came in contact had not the arguments to satisfy me, and for the first time, I felt alone; *alone* to face the unknown and the *unknowable* as I then thought. Until this, my family had satisfied every need of body and mind; and their failure now made me feel my individuality—my separateness. Each member of the family in his or her particular way had me feel I was verily a part of them, so thoroughly had they enfolded me in their love. This made the awakening of self-consciousness all the sadder.

After being slightly reprimanded one day when about fifteen, I realized for the first time that owing to my physical limitations, I should be under authority as long as I lived. In my overwrought nervous condition this seemed utterly unbearable and the years until my possible death an eternity. So, after a long crying spell I was just about to attempt suicide by throwing myself out of a window when sister Ella came to the rescue just in time. I have a hazy notion

that I selected the window nearest to where the family was, so that the "cruel" ones who had given the reprimand would have the full benefit of the tragedy.

When I had calmed down I was most grateful to sister Ella for saving me. After passing through much mental or physical pain I seem to retain only a vague recollection of it; so I cannot describe that day's emotions now but I do remember that I suffered very intensely. Oh, the misery and hopelessness of knowing I would be bound to the same authority and monotonous existence *for years and years!*

These were my emotions when again I attempted to take my life two years later by drinking poison, and my good sister Ella prevented it once more. This time, added to my abhorrence of authority and dread of the future, was the horrible, harrowing fear that I was going *blind*. For six months I had been extremely nervous and had cried a greater part of the time. To prevent my tears a well-meaning relation told of several persons she had known who had brought on blindness by weeping. This, instead of having the intended effect, made me the more despondent and made death seem preferable to a life of blindness.

No words can describe the abject misery, the awful fear, the *soul-racking horror* of going to sleep every night expecting to wake up in total darkness—be it midnight or sunny morning. My old dread and fear of darkness which I was out-growing, now returned with double force. This trial, one of the greatest of my life, lasted about six months. I shall always remember with deepest gratitude the patience and cheerfulness

with which sister Ella gave up everything to spend hour after hour reading aloud and playing games with me to rest my eyes and keep me diverted. But when night came, or whenever I was alone, I used to brood and cry.

It was now that I prayed most earnestly to my Jehovah, the God of Moses and Abraham, and my God, to let me keep my sight. I had prayed to Him often and had *always* been answered; and now in my well-nigh despair to whom should I turn but to the Eternal Father, my Creator and Ruler of all things? I have always loved the God of the Hebrews, and more than ever now that I know they worship the True One in their sincerity. My earthly father never refused me a reasonable request in all my life. So with the same childlike confidence, I prayed to my Father Jehovah for my sight. And when morning after morning broke and I could still *see*, my heart grew in gratitude and worship and love.

I remember waking one night especially and finding my eyes so swollen and in such pain from weeping that I was positive that I should be stone-blind by morning. This was the greatest mental agony so far in my life; so I prayed with all my heart to Jehovah, and when, in the morning, I could see as well as ever, it seemed to my grateful heart a veritable miracle.

Like Goethe, I prayed for "Light, more light!" and I received not only the continuance of physical light for which I asked, but soon spiritual enlightenment also. Because a few weeks after this night of horror, my sister Georgianna, recently returned from Europe,

announced one day that she was under instructions and being prepared by Cardinal Gibbons to enter the Catholic Church.

She had always been inclined to Catholicism, but I believe it was her eighteen months' stay on the other side, surrounded by such unmistakable evidences of the rightful claim of Catholicism to antiquity, that impressed her so deeply that she was convinced it was the Church Christ had founded.

It was with much grief that I received the news of her decision to become a Roman Catholic, for with my strong anti-Catholic prejudices, I was positive it would raise a barrier which would ever force us further apart. She and I had always been so devoted and congenial. Sister Georgianna enjoyed bestowing love, while I have always much preferred being loved.

Naturally, even while my sister Georgianna was under instructions, she tried to interest me in the Church. I believe she was six weeks in succeeding, and it was the wonderful fascination she had for me that made me listen to her arguments at all. As long as she spoke of Christ my interest was not awakened in the least, nor when she spoke of the truth and beauty of the religion, but when she spoke of the devotion to the Mother of Christ, I felt irresistibly drawn. The idea of the Divine Maternity, especially the Blessed Virgin's universal motherhood, seemed the most beautiful one that had ever been conceived. It was like finding my own mother, my ideal mother! I, who had had many mothers in my devoted sisters, had long since come to long for a more perfect one in whom I

could place implicit trust, to whom I could confide all my thoughts without ever being driven to hurt silence by being misunderstood, and who—I felt—could counsel me with a mother's love and foresight, free from the petty prejudices I had so often encountered. And the Blessed Mother satisfied my heart's desires as I was given grace to know her more and more through the daily recital of the beads, which practice I only began to please sister Georgianna. She also prevailed upon me to read *The Faith of Our Fathers* by Cardinal Gibbons, *Catholic Belief* and several more books.

It is hard to record the dealings of God with a human soul because to some He imparts His truths without any requirements of the soul except receptivity. Such was my case. Faith was bestowed in the nature of a perfectly free gift, not after a long and laborious period of reasoning; for at the time I was incapable of deep thinking and am so to this day. Faith came without my even desiring it. The Bible and *The Faith of Our Fathers* opened my spiritual eyes; the Light was there, and I could not help but see it.

Someone has said that Judaism prepared the world for Christianity. Judaism prepared me for *Catholicism*. In Cardinal Gibbons' exposition of Catholic dogma, I traced without difficulty the logical change, or rather the development of the Old Law into the New taught by Christ. I saw a great similarity between the furnishings of Solomon's Temple and those of our Catholic churches which influenced me greatly. There were the same Tabernacle and the same Holy of Ho-

lies to be in the place of worship. And many other things I saw in the Catholic churches which had been taken from the Jewish faith,—things I had looked for in vain among other Christian churches. So I concluded if Christ had *really* founded a religion it *was* the Catholic Church. Now arose the question: Was Jesus Christ *truly* what He claimed Himself, the Messiah, the Son of God?

An attempt to describe how I gradually became convinced of Christ's divinity and His divine mission would be foolish, a mere jangle of words. In hopes of finding help for narrating this part of my experience I have read a number of accounts written by theologians of their conversions; and despite their learning and mastery of language, they seem to be able to give only a sketch of what really happened to them. Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* is the most satisfactory account of a conversion to the Catholic Church I ever read, yet the description of the intellectual processes he underwent to arrive at truth serves only as a lattice through which we now and then catch a glimpse of the soul of the man.

In a few months I became convinced of Christ's divinity. How or why, I cannot now recall. But this difficulty once overcome, I accepted without reserve all the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church as I understood them at the time, and I wished to become a member. But my guardian would not consent as I was barely seventeen at the time and was considered too young to take so grave a step. I was allowed to receive instructions and go to confession every few

weeks, without being able, of course, to receive absolution, as I had not been received into the Church.

I was so desirous of being a Catholic now that I got a friend to make all arrangements with the late Bishop Russell to baptize me at the Cathedral. But upon hearing that my guardian objected, he refused to do so. I then entered upon a period of fear of dying without being baptized in the Catholic Church, and sister Ella promised that should I become seriously ill, she would send for a priest. Yet I often retired at night fearing that I would die *unbaptized* before morning. This lasted six months or so until the doctrine of baptism by desire was explained. That relieved my anxiety.

Sister Ella had been appointed my guardian and besides her judicial wish for me not to join the Church before becoming of age and without due consideration, I was opposed more or less bitterly by others. But the *fear of losing my soul* by not following the dictates of my conscience made all human opinions seem of small importance. While this importance was a trial, it served to arouse my antagonism, determining me more firmly to show that I knew my own mind, by embracing Catholicism as soon as possible. It proved very useful later when temptation came to delay taking the final step. So really those who opposed, helped me to be a Catholic. I was just at that age when opposition strengthens, rather than hinders. Besides I felt that God was with me, and passages of Scripture often came to mind such as: "When my father and mother forsake me, then shall the LORD take me

up," and, "Be of good cheer. I have overcome the world." Then I had my dear old confessor, Father William H. Sumner, a Jesuit, and sister Georgianna and good Father Joseph J. Prendergast, also a Jesuit, who afterwards baptized me. Those who objected to my entering the Church have forgotten it long ago, and as events have turned out, I am very grateful to them for unknowingly assisting me to attain my goal. I clearly see the viewpoints those persons held, bred by prejudice and ignorance, which happily the years have dispelled.

But another difficulty arose a few months before my eighteenth birthday, when I had determined to be received into the Church, come what would. This difficulty was so strange that after I had become very familiar with the dogmas of the Church I have ever been at a loss to explain it. For over a year I had been constantly studying and reading Catholic literature, had become convinced that Jesus Christ was the long-promised and prophesied Messiah, and that the Roman Catholic Church was the true guardian of the religion Christ came to establish. Once granted that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, God Himself in human form, His teachings and His Church must be submitted to in *all things* which I conscientiously thought I had done. I read article after article on the Eucharist with apparent intelligence and comprehension. Then I picked up a book called *The Eucharist, Our Greatest Treasure*. An entirely new interpretation came and I found that I had not grasped the true meaning of Transubstantiation at all. It seemed

I had done all my Eucharistic reading under a mental cloud and without understanding. Possibly I viewed the subject according to the consubstantiation theory held by many Episcopalians. As soon as I awoke to the full significance of what I was reading on the doctrine of the Real Presence, I threw down the book as an insult to my intelligence. How educated people could believe such a doctrine in this enlightened age was beyond credit.

I was greatly disappointed and perturbed by the obligation of belief in transubstantiation as I was thoroughly convinced of the validity of the Catholic Church, besides having great devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose assistance I had so often experienced even then; and I felt that only as a member of the Church could I pay our Blessed Lady the veneration to which she was entitled. I do not remember mentioning my decision to anyone but sister Georgianna who tried to explain it away. I saw that she at least was as firm as a rock in her faith. I then made it a point whenever with a Catholic to turn the conversation to the Eucharist. In the most intellectual and brilliant, equally with the humblest person, I found the same unquestioning and unshakable faith in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Meanwhile I placed the matter completely in the Blessed Mother's hands, assured that if God wished me to become a member of the Church, she would obtain the grace of belief in transubstantiation for me. Nor was I disappointed. I continued reading Catholic literature and attending Mass during which I prayed

earnestly for enlightenment. Gradually the gift of faith in this unfathomable mystery came and grew until, within three or four months, the day dawned on which at the Elevation of the Sacred Host at Mass, I could say with utmost faith and sincerity of soul, "My Lord and my God!"

No words can describe the elevation of spirit and joy I then experienced that there was such a heavenly marvel as the Blessed Sacrament on earth. It seemed too good to be true. Faith having once been granted, it has continued unshaken; and by faith I *know* that our Lord Jesus Christ is present in the Blessed Sacrament just as positively as I know that I am a conscious being. In recent years I have wondered at transubstantiation being so difficult for me to accept considering my childhood's desire to have Christ ever dwelling with us. But at the time, I do not think the remembrance of my desire once came to me.

With the acceptance of the doctrine of transubstantiation, whatever else taught by the Roman Catholic Church, I believed *absolutely*. I was now within a few weeks of becoming of age and my guardian had withdrawn her opposition. The date of my baptism had been decided upon; everything was in readiness. Then came the reaction. I had encountered criticism and ridicule, had grieved and estranged a number of devoted hearts, had shown the worse side of my character in efforts to prove my firmness of purpose and independence of thought, and had been mentally disturbed for three or four years. So I was very tired and wanted to give up the fight. I was sorely tempted to

delay joining the Church. I knew it was the only true one, but why not wait for a few years as everyone had said? It was a very grave matter and I was so young. God had always been so good that surely it would not displease Him if I waited until I was older. Why not drift for a time anyhow? But thoughts of how elated anti-Catholics would be, and how they would think my conversion was but a childish fad after all, helped me greatly to resist the temptation. But of far greater weight was the fear that Almighty God would withdraw the light of faith if I did not join the Church immediately.

So I was baptized on August first, 1899, at half past two in the afternoon in the little chapel of my sister Georgianna's home in Frederick County, Maryland, and I have been happy and perfectly satisfied ever since.

The Catholic religion has been the mainstay of my life, as I am positive without it I should have attempted self-destruction until successful. But I have always found in the Catholic religion purpose, strength, and consolation to bear whatever trials have come, from the greatest to the petty annoyances of daily life. To this religious teaching I owe whatever I have of any worth of character.

Having once acknowledged Christ's Messiahship and His establishment of one true Church, papal supremacy and infallibility appeared the most logical and natural consequence as it most certainly is. Everything from the lowest natural species to highest form of moral government is *bound* to have a *head*, a

center to maintain and increase its existence. Therefore Christ appointed St. Peter and his successors to be the visible heads of His Church which was to exist and ever increase. Jesus Christ followed the ancient Jewish religion of having a supreme head in the Church. These, and other considerations, so plainly put forth in *The Faith of Our Fathers* made the infallibility of the popes (when speaking *ex cathedra*) very convincing, and in my yearning for authoritative teaching, I accepted this doctrine without hesitation.

Belief in purgatory, or a middle state, is most rational and consoling. Rational, because we know that as long as we live we commit sin and imperfections. Purgatory is given to cleanse and heal our souls and make them capable of enjoying our heavenly Father in His uncreated sanctity for all eternity. While enduring the ills of life, the prospect of suffering for a while after death is disheartening; but one grows accustomed to the idea and finally thanks God for another life of purification in which there is no possibility of sin again.

As for those who have gone before, "whom we have known, loved and lost awhile," how consoling it is to know that our affection can follow them beyond the grave and help them by our prayers, and that we can be helped by their prayers for us. Here again, we are of one heart with the Jews in praying for the dead. It often makes me sad to see and think of those who not having this faith sadly return after laying someone to rest. *All* has been said and done. Those who mourn are desolate with nothing to comfort them but tender

memories; and perhaps the benignant influence left by the absent one. But an insuperable barrier seems to divide them. What comfort, on the other hand, does the bereaved heart of a Catholic get from praying for his dear dead, knowing that his prayers are of avail for the soul's welfare! It is this consciousness of assisting and of being helped ourselves by the prayers of those who have gone that mitigates the terrible feeling of loneliness and separation.

It is beyond doubt that Christ Himself instituted the Sacrament of Penance. Its origin being divine, the doctrine is to be accepted without question, and Heaven alone will reveal the greatness of its benefits to man in his spiritual development. But, considering the confessional from a merely human standpoint, it has been and ever will be one of the greatest psychological factors for good the world has ever known. It brings priests and people together as nothing else could and causes them to take a genuine personal interest in each other. The craving for revealing our heart to another is inborn. Few can get away from it. This necessity the confessional meets in an excellent manner. People would have much better mental health if confession were adopted universally. I knew a few persons who died mental wrecks. They had much sorrow and trouble and refused to confide in anyone. I shall always think that had they relieved their minds by talking over their griefs with an unprejudiced confidant, their mental breakdown might have been considerably averted.

The confessional has been of untold benefit to me

in my efforts to attain my moral aspirations. It is a vastly different thing to make a mistake, and strive to overcome the tendency haphazard and alone, from that of having an experienced guide to suggest means of self-conquest suitable to one's individual needs. Systematic examination of one's state of conscience and the obligation of giving a strict account of it to a confessor at fixed intervals has a wonderful strengthening and *restraining* effect. We lay bare our most secret and loathsome ills to a physician, expecting his knowledge and experience to guide us to health; so why should we not submit ourselves to a spiritual physician? Why think ourselves more capable of caring for our souls than our bodies without a guide?

Another thing about the Catholic religion is its definiteness of purpose which I, as a casual observer, find lacking in other religions. The Catholic Church tells what to believe and what not to believe, what to do and what not to do to attain the purpose which she ever keeps before us, of serving God and corresponding as perfectly as possible to His divine designs for us. It is one of my greatest consolations to know that the least conscious thought, word, and action can be supernaturalized and made to perform its proper part in God's universal plan. Therefore I have come to be most grateful for my creation and my life with almost all of its attending circumstances; and so having the privilege of playing my infinitesimal part in Almighty God's vast Creation.

We are told that God is a Spirit and that we must "worship Him in *spirit* and in *truth*." But as long as

we have physical bodies, surrounded by the material all our lives, and as we receive almost all our conceptions through material agencies, we are bound to use symbols as channels to spiritual knowledge, and hence in our worship of God the average man needs the symbolism of the Catholic Church even in order to form any conception of the worship of God "in spirit and in truth." To think of getting away from outward form of worship while we have material bodies is irrational. Flowing through all the forms and ceremonies of the Catholic Church is the true spirituality, vivifying souls, uniting them with their God, preparing them for their most sacred duties as upright, rational beings in this life, and for their higher ones as spiritual conquerors in the next world.

In 1909 I wrote a short account of my conversion to the true Faith which was published in a little Catholic magazine called *Truth*. After briefly relating what I have said in greater detail here, I closed by saying:

Before I came in contact with the teachings of the Church I believed, like many non-Catholics—broad and intelligent ones, too—that Catholics worshipped the Blessed Virgin Mary, esteeming and placing her before God. And I wish to correct that gravely erroneous idea which has been a stumbling block to so many, as the Catholic Church holds it a great crime to *worship* the Blessed Virgin or any other of God's creatures.

I have read extensively the principal religions and cults of the world, only to be more and more convinced of the validity of the claims of the Holy Catholic Church founded by the One who *alone* could say: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

BOXWOOD LODGE

FOR TWO YEARS after my reception into the Church, I lived with my sister Georgianna in the country. The regularity of my life there made me physically stronger than I have ever been since. I retired at nine P.M., rose at eight A.M., and literally lived out-of-doors. Many things contributed to my mental well-being, but above all, I was supremely happy in my new-found religion. I idolized my sister and was blissfully contented, merely to be in her presence. I often sat at her feet, silent in awe-struck gratitude that God in His goodness had given me for a sister such a beautiful and wonderful woman. For I saw her strength of character and greatness of soul developing in all its fullness in the ceaseless stress of life. Seeing her as I did then has made me recognize, measure, and accept many things in life that otherwise, I am sure, I never could have done. In those two years, I grew *ten* mentally.

"Boxwood Lodge," so my sister had named the place, was most attractive. The house of gray stone, ivy-covered, was built in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The front doorway did not allow a

man of unusual height to enter without inclining his head in seeming reverence. One of the rooms was supposed to be haunted. Many nights have I occupied it trying to keep awake to see the ghost of old Mr. Bell. Once I sat up till "the cold gray dawn" watching for him. But alas, he came not!

My sister had a well-stocked library, and she read a great deal to me, so I obtained a fair knowledge of the English classics. For the first six months I was there, we had regular study hours, but circumstances required us to discontinue them. I read considerable fiction myself, but I want just here to mention what seems to me a curious fact in my mental make-up. In 1914 I read several books that I had read in 1899, and they were as unfamiliar as could be. Their plots and characters had been entirely obliterated from my memory. I do not know whether it was caused by my stress of emotion at that time that made me read them unattentively, or whether it was due to what I have passed through since. Reade's *Cloister and Hearth* is one I have in mind especially.

Although life at Boxwood Lodge was the simple one for me, it was not lacking in excitement. Sister Georgianna invited a little girl about twelve years old to stay a couple of weeks. She roomed with me. All went well at first, but one night I awoke to find somebody standing over me with her hands in close proximity to my throat. I screamed and sister Georgianna came and woke the young lady and got her to bed. It was a terrible shock and made me feel miserable and all-gone for days. But I grew accustomed to the poor

child's walking in her sleep; as after that, it was an almost nightly performance. I came to awaken when she got up, would rise myself, follow her, and lead her to bed again. She was always very docile. Sometimes she would waken, and then again, not. Once after I had gotten quite used to her, she gave me another start by unlocking the door and taking a promenade on the second-story porch. Fortunately, it was enclosed by a railing and I caught up to her before anything happened. I shall never forget the picture she made in the bright moonlight with her beautiful auburn hair loose about her pretty face and her gown as white and fleecy as a floating cloud.

But those first few nights that she walked I was so unnerved that I cried out every time she woke me. I became so provoked at my cowardice and at disturbing others that I determined to accustom myself to my peripatetic friend. I succeeded better than I expected and soon did not mind in the least our nocturnal jaunts.

On one of the daily drives my companion and I were accustomed to take, the horse decided to run away. After running a few hundred yards, he overturned the buggy. I landed on my companion without a bruise; she was hurt somewhat. But the horse smashed the buggy, then broke loose from it and ran home. We received immediate assistance as the accident occurred in a village. For a couple of days, I felt timid when starting for a drive, but I disliked to show my fear so it soon wore off. I felt worse about wrecking my brother-in-law's fine Brewster buggy. Later

he found out that the horse had a habit of running away so he had to be sold at a loss. This I did not like either as it had been bought especially for my use.

Another time I was with my brother-in-law exercising a young horse. We came to a railroad crossing and the horse balked for fully five minutes on a track. I had perfect confidence in my brother-in-law's horsemanship, and I knew the cart we were in was so constructed that it was impossible for it to overturn. So I had gotten to the floor where I felt secure from falling out and had given myself up to the enjoyment of seeing what the horse would do, with his balking and kicking; for I was used to such things and always felt exhilarated whenever a horse performed. This time my pleasure turned to fright as I heard and saw a train coming at full speed. It was on the same track as we and about three hundred yards away. To see that train, which I knew meant certain death, rapidly approaching, and to watch my brother-in-law's apparently futile efforts to get us across the track was horrible. I was too frightened to remember what passed through my mind, only that I prepared to die. While the thought of dying awed and frightened me, in those few seconds, I somehow became reconciled.

Never have I seen anyone as pale as my brother-in-law, but with the added strength of desperation, he gave the horse such a lash it seemed to get us off the track with one bound. In a second, the train flew by. Having balked, the horse now wanted to run; and we went home at a two-minute gait (which I have always loved), so I gradually relaxed from the tension,

and by the time we arrived home, I was entirely over my fright.

The following episode I attribute to my idle hands and to the devil who, according to his reputation found them work. One afternoon sitting before the fire, I raked it and left the poker in until red-hot, then took it out and stood it on the carpet which ignited immediately. I have not the slightest idea why I did it. I went up the two steps leading to the adjoining room, got the large pitcher off the washstand, staggered down the steps with it, threw the water on, and extinguished the fire. But it had burned a hole as large as a saucer. All the family were downstairs and I knew that by the time I had called them, the whole floor would have been on fire. After it was all out, I sat down and thought what a fool I had been not to have smothered it with a rug, which was much easier gotten than water, and would have prevented the fire spreading even as much as it did. Of course, I felt dreadfully repentant about spoiling my sister's carpet. Fortunately, it was not an expensive one. What hidden complex or streak of childishness caused me to do this apparently senseless act? Or is it too fantastic to suppose that the restless spirit of old Mr. Bell wanted to purify his reputed haunts by fire and tried to use me as a medium?

With the exception of the two stablemen on the place, my companion and I were alone for nearly a week at Boxwood Lodge during the blizzard of 1899. My sister and brother-in-law had gone to spend the night with a friend who lived sixteen miles away.

When they attempted to return, the snow had formed huge snowbanks; and one of these overturned the sleigh containing my sister and her host, and they were hurt pretty badly. This obliged my sister and her husband to return to our friend's and there remain for five or six days until she had somewhat recovered. At the time, our friend had not a telephone, but we had. So the following morning, my brother-in-law rode horseback to the nearest telephone and told me of the accident.

In the meantime, things were happening to occupy my mind at Boxwood Lodge. The cook had departed a week before and there only remained the housemaid who, as soon as my sister and brother-in-law had gone, grew very sullen, and was the cause of seriously arousing my temper for the first time in my life. It was the rule that when the family was absent, the mailbag was brought unopened to me to distribute the mail. This morning it was brought *opened* by the housemaid who had a number of letters in her hands. The sight made me boil with anger. Aside from being tenacious of my dignity, I knew it was meant for downright insolence to my companion and myself for the maid had been with us a sufficient time to know the rules of the house. Added to this was the impertinence of her manner and reply when my companion remonstrated. My anger grew hotter all the more as I determined not to show it. A few hours later, the maid walked off, never to return.

The charge of the whole house was left on my frequently mentioned companion, Lucy. That night we

forgot to turn off the water-pipes with the consequence that, for the next five or six days, the kitchen floor was a mass of ice and water. Lucy was obliged to prepare all the meals on the oil-stove, standing on planks to do it. I was a prisoner in the warmest room in the house but when we went a dozen yards from the stove, we could see our breaths, it was so cold.

It stormed so the day my sister and her husband had expected to return, we gave them up and felt no uneasiness until that night, when about eight o'clock, my sister's dog, a most intelligent Boston bull, began to cry and became as restless as a caged lion. For hours he cried and walked around until finally we gave him a dress of my sister to lie on. This comforted him a little but he cried all night. His actions were so strange that in spite of reasoning we could not help fearing something had happened to his beloved mistress, for Buck was the most self-contained dog I ever knew, and experience had taught us that when Buck lost his poise, there was always sufficient cause.

Our fears were verified the next morning when my brother-in-law telephoned. Lucy could not hear him well and the message was very unsatisfactory. It left us in suspense until he came home about three days later. We did not know how seriously they were hurt, whether they were going to live or die. I cannot describe what I suffered mentally and never have I longed more for work or some sort of action to get me out of myself. Confined to one room, with only books and my typewriter, fearing to look out at the vast expanse of snow lest the glare would injure my pre-

cious sight, I read as long as I possibly could; then when my eyes tired, there was nothing to do but think and think, and think. Oh such horrible torturing thoughts! Principally what sister Georgianna must be suffering, and what if she were dead or dying?—The friend whose guests she and her husband were, had loaned me *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and now I most gratefully set myself to read it as the most thrilling book I ever heard of in hopes of its diversion. I tried to throw my whole soul into the story and it helped wonderfully. I do not know what I would have done without the book. But there were the nights and the eye-rests during the day to go through, and owing to Lucy's duties, I was alone most of the time. To be sure, I always had Buck who was a great comfort, too.

Although I had read every word of *The Count of Monte Cristo*, I soon forgot it almost entirely, so mechanically had I gone through it. Many years later, glancing over the same volume, so poignant was the memory of all that I had experienced while reading it in 1899, that I had to put it aside after two or three pages.

From the windows of my room I could see the orchard with its rows and rows of symmetrically planted trees, and after days of grayness, when the sun came out in all its brilliancy, it was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. Glistening icicles hung from the overlapping branches of the snow-laden trees like crystalline fruit, while beneath lay the smooth white avenue of untrodden snow, leading to one's heart's desire. The scene came nearer to my idea of Paradise

than anything I had ever seen. I had had a reassuring letter from sister Georgianna saying that all was well. So between that and the beautiful scene, my spirits returned to their normal state. I do not remember anything about her home-coming except that I was profoundly grateful to have her back, and that the whole experience was now a thing of the past, although I was content to have gone through it.

The next winter I returned to Baltimore and sister Ella has taken care of me ever since. In 1909 the extreme lassitude and backache commenced which have continued all the years. At first I fought against these conditions, strictly obeying my medical advisers, until I so wearied of medicine, salt-baths and exercises that I gave them up altogether and feel equally well without them. I can never be sufficiently grateful to Dr. Flora Pollock and sister Fannie for their untiring efforts to relieve me. So depressed was I by my physical condition that I wanted to die as a means of escape—at least I *thought* I did! Sister Fannie tells a joke about me while I was talking so much about dying. When the little boy next door had a fatal case of diphtheria, I was *most* urgent in suggesting I should be taken to a safe distance.

Some years afterward I contracted a severe case of measles, and fearing I might die, I prayed and exerted all my will power to hold on to life. At present I am very willing to live as long as possible. Every day grows sweeter. Time passes very quickly and as the years go on, I realize more keenly my immortality. Of course I do not believe in re-incarnation; but if

such a thing were true, I would not shrink from numerous lives on earth under various conditions for the glory of the Father, to help my fellow men, and to fit myself for eternity. What would the work and suffering of many re-incarnations be in comparison to one well-earned eternity? But it is comforting that the Catholic Church rejects the idea; and I have no re-incarnation to contemplate, although I think I can truthfully say I would not mind living my life with all its circumstances, generally speaking, over again. It has been such an easy one, with no responsibilities, no anxieties—unless self-assumed. Always I have been cared for as a child, with no uneasiness as to the morrow.

MATURITY

IT WAS when I was in my early twenties that I witnessed—in fact, I can truthfully say, I enjoyed one of the most thrilling experiences of my life, although I was as usual but a spectator.

In 1904 we were living in an apartment on Calvert Street. About eleven o'clock that morning, Sunday, February seventh, we began to hear of the big fire in the Hurst building. All day the excitement grew but its effect on me was neither fear nor depression but an exhilaration. I knew that worrying or grieving over the disaster and possible loss of life would not quench one spark or be of any use whatever. So I deliberately put aside all annoying thoughts and abandoned myself to enjoying the experience which I knew would probably not again occur in my lifetime. I had no personal interests in the burning district to worry over. Heartless as it may seem, my whole attitude all that day and night was only that of one who looked upon a thrilling drama from an orchestra chair. Sister Fannie has often said I was one of the most composed persons she saw at that time.

Between five and six o'clock that evening the wind

began to blow the sparks over St. Ignatius Church, a block below us. I calmly suggested that sister Ella pack our valuables in a suitcase which she did—and kept it packed until all danger was past. I planned, should the fire reach our house, that I would ride my tricycle to my brother's, about fifteen blocks distant.

I shall never forget the picture the Battle monument made in the weird glow of the burning buildings. I had always admired it and my affection intensified as I thought of its possible doom. To this day, I never see it without thankfulness that it still stands.

Someone in the house had a birthday and refreshments were passed and toasts drunk as we sat on the doorsteps watching the conflagration. I said it was ideal and I would be Nero, and feast while Rome burned.

But after we retired, it was appalling to lie awake hour after hour, and to hear the ambulances bearing the City Hospital patients to safety. The slow, monotonous tread of the horses brought home the infinite pathos of having to move all those poor patients in their helplessness and pain. Then came the quick trot, and the clang of the ambulance bell as they returned again and again for the other sufferers. They passed and repassed all the long night. Many times I fell asleep only to be startled awake a few minutes later by the clang of bells. My nerves felt terribly racked; but the next day, when I had a chance to take an unbroken nap of several hours, I felt all right.

A few days after the fire sister Ella took me to see the ruins. I was so amazed at the extent of the catas-

trophe that my emotions were too overpowering for me to describe. I remember trying to do so in a letter at the time but had to give it up. We rode around the scene as much as we could, then went to the top floor of the Court House and had a splendid view from there. But it was a gruesome sight to behold.

The origin of the fire remains unknown, but it is supposed a lighted match or a cigarette stub had been dropped through the old-fashioned sidewalk grating in front of a dry-goods warehouse. The spark, falling on combustive material, caused innumerable explosions and the high wind carried the burning embers from building to building until, forty hours after the first wisp of smoke was discovered, one hundred forty acres of the business section of Baltimore had become a veritable No-Man's Land. More than one thousand three hundred buildings had been destroyed, and two thousand five hundred firms had been put out of business with an estimated loss of \$125,000,000 to \$150,000,000. Caused by a thoughtless gesture of a careless hand! But what was once a scene of desolation is now a center of pulsating commercial life.

During all that spring of 1904 I was extremely depressed. Do what I would, I could not shake off the feeling even at the bidding of my confessors. I grew very much annoyed at not being able to control my spirits, especially as I could find absolutely no cause for my sadness. I told a friend I was in a Gethsemane, and truly my soul did seem "sorrowful unto death." Every sound was a dirge, and all things were unreal

and wrapped in a quiet, ever-abiding sorrow. There did not seem to be a joyous thing in life. This was my mental condition on May 3, 1904. I kept a diary at the time and the following is that day's entry:

Woke up at dawn; pressed a Sacred Heart badge to my forehead and heart; then went to sleep and dreamed that sister Georgianna, a young girl, and I were at a large window awaiting a parade. The house opposite was of ill-repute. Suddenly the girl said she must go over to the house and meet her fiancé. My sister remonstrated in vain with her. After the girl had gone, sister Georgianna seemed to be lying on a huge marble slab out on the street by the window. She was covered with a red velvet drapery. But I was inside the room alone. While I was looking at her, the sky became a perfectly beautiful shade of blue and a lot of stars came together and formed a Sacred Heart, with a cross in it; and surrounding it were the most brilliant stars I have ever seen. I told sister Georgianna to look at the beautiful sight but she paid small attention. After a few minutes, the stars went out one by one. All the houses opposite fell down and the front walls of the disreputable one caved in, and we saw a number of monks driving the inmates out. They were gray and ghostly-looking. After the houses collapsed, we saw the bay whose water was a beautiful blue. The sails of the boats were of extraordinary whiteness—and especially of one that was sailing majestically and slowly out to sea. The light on the scene seemed to be from a full moon; but it was far brighter and softer; and the atmosphere was full of peace and serenity. All this time I was in the dark room ALL ALONE, and felt very lonely and timid.

That day's diary also records that hours after having this dream I received notice of my having been

admitted into a confraternity whose sole object is to pray for the *dying* and the souls in Purgatory. I had applied for admission months before but had forgotten that I had done so. So this fact clears my subconscious mind of having anything to do with my dream.

May 21, 1904, I recorded in my diary that at 1:30 P.M. sister Fannie was speaking of her interest in the work of rescuing girls from being decoyed to houses of disrepute at the St. Louis Fair. At half-past three (two hours later) my brother-in-law told me that sister Georgianna was undergoing an operation. Having my dream of May 3rd in mind, I have added: "Now, talk of dreams having no significance."

The dream just described was one of a series which had begun the November before when I was staying with my sister for the last time. I dreamed then that she and I were climbing a very high tower. It was open at the top and showed a most beautiful moonlit sky. My sister wore a fawn-colored golf cape which, as we neared the top of the tower turned into wings and bore her rapidly up, out into the air. I begged to go with her but she replied that on account of some disobedience, she could not (or would not) take me, and that I had to expiate my fault "in the depths." I then fell a long way, down, down, down, through utter darkness, far beyond the bottom of the tower, where I lay for years in the darkness and mire, oppressed by the most abject misery. A terrible weight seemed to be on me but not a physical one. I was overjoyed at waking, and hearing my sister laughingly say, upon learning of my nightmare, "Ha, ha! see what happens when you disobey me!"

From this time till her death, I had many similar dreams but I have mislaid their description and fear to trust to memory to reproduce them. I always thought they were sent to mitigate the shock that was to follow.

Sister Georgianna had often said she would not live to be old and I believed her. So from the first, hearing of the operation, I intuitively knew it was to be the end in spite of trying to have hope. It was the most ghastly business, trying to write a cheering, encouraging letter full of trifles, when I felt it would be her last—and I had so much to say!

My diary shows plainly that I had not much hope from the day of her operation, for this is the entry:

May 21st. Dick (her husband) here with a favorable report. But—I *don't know!!!*

The afternoon before she died I was praying for her recovery in church and the *positive* knowledge came to me that she *had* to go. At the time none knew how ill she was, and hopes were still held for her. But she died that night at quarter of nine.

So, when I heard the news I was prepared, and only shed a few tears. But I broke down completely when I saw my beautiful sister on her couch of death. This outburst was a great relief to my pent-up grief.

Sister Georgianna had always been so lavish in showing her affection and pleasure at seeing me even after a brief separation. She had been so sympathetic and responsive, so *vividly* alive, and now to see her locked in the sleep of death seemed too horrible to be

true. But her obliviousness of either my presence or my grief was enough to stamp the terrible fact on heart and mind.

Aside from my own loss, it was incomprehensible to me why such a beautiful, capable woman, so useful in every way, should be taken, and so many helpless creatures left. Yet young as she was, I knew that she had rounded out her life and was ready to go. So I was glad for her sake that her battle of life was ended. But with how much anxious grief did I contemplate the future of those left behind on whom she had such a beneficial influence. To this day I often wonder what our lives would have been had she lived. So far as I am concerned, it has been suggested that my sister's death has done much to develop my character, as it has thrown me on my own resources, and I really think this is true.

After this outburst of grief beside her bier, I was quite calm and self-controlled, except for a few momentary break-downs when friends sympathized too long, and exhausted me during the days before the funeral, and afterwards. At the funeral I was so determined not to show my emotion that I steadfastly studied the actions and facial expressions of those within range of my vision. I felt my composure would help others to maintain theirs and so be a comfort to them. But that night, I was found asleep kneeling by the bed. I had fallen asleep while praying, from sheer exhaustion—something I had never done before, nor have I since.

In the days that followed I remember having only

a few prolonged weeping spells from grief. For let me say in passing, the more poignant my sorrow the less I weep, and nearly all my crying attacks, which are frequent, come from absolutely nothing but nervous exhaustion.

It was strange indeed to have sister Georgianna gone, but I accepted it, and seemed to subside into a quiet grief. Now I knew what the awful depression and foreboding had meant, and for what those strange symbolical dreams had been preparing me; and, after the horrible uncertainty of not knowing what was coming, facing the inevitable fact of her death, despite all its sorrow and tragedy, was a peculiar relief.

For months afterwards, not only was I grief-stricken, but I had good cause (which I was obliged to keep wholly secret) to be under great anxiety. Oh, how I longed to confide my fears to someone and receive sympathy and reassurance! But there was none to whom I could go. I got my sisters to read aloud for hours at a time, then, desperate at not being able, on account of my mental torture, to take in even the lightest novel, I used to get someone to tell my fortune on the cards—that being the most idiotic thing I could think of to hold my attention.

This was the time when I felt my physical limitations most deeply. I longed to walk and walk, or ride horseback, or do *anything* physically—just to keep from *thinking*. My only resource was the typewriter; and I wrote many letters, often in a cramped position. This, in conjunction with the nervous strain I was

under, brought on a most acute pain in the lumbar region from which I was never free a *whole* day for three years; and it is only since March 1915 that I have been entirely without it. Massage relieved it greatly; but it took psychic treatment to cure.

To prove that the anxiety was not a purely morbid imagination due to overwrought nerves, I made it a point to investigate the matter and the person concerned, assured me that my fears had had foundation. But the matter was eventually cleared up and I was freed from my anxiety.

At this time, as long as I rode my tricycle, my chief consolation was to visit the grave of my sister in Greenmount Cemetery. It was a spot I had loved since childhood, with its beautiful old trees, grassy slopes and stately monuments. The atmosphere of quiet peace hovering there has always rested me and so after we had laid my sister in the place, it grew far more dear.

This was a hard year, but good friends and Time have brought healing to my heart; and while nothing can ever fill the void her passing has made, I would not have my sister back, for I think it is far better as it is. My dream is always associated with her death. To me it was symbolic of her soul going out upon the waters of eternity to a new, wider and more beautiful life.

Naturally, when the chance came for me to see and hear Helen Keller, I was greatly interested and availed myself of the opportunity. For several days after hearing Helen lecture, the thought of her was con-

stantly in my mind. I compared the wonders she had accomplished with her handicaps, and thought of the little I had done. It was most depressing, but I excused myself on the ground that our cases were not at all comparable, taking consolation in the thought that my life-long nervousness made the heights Helen climbed out of my reach.

It is natural for one to suppose that the unpleasant things of life have been kept from Helen Keller as much as possible. But I imagine she is very sensitive to the mental states of the people around her, especially those of her teacher, Mrs. Macy; and thinking of the sufferings of others in the darkness and silence must be very trying. I, on the other hand, both hear of and see the sufferings of people and am often depressed with a sense of utter helplessness.

The most vivid impression Helen Keller made on me as she was on the platform was that of her absolute loneliness. She was the personification of isolation, standing there delivering her message to nothingness—to a void—insofar as she was unable to perceive her audience by the ordinary channels, but I doubt not that her olfactories told her of the people.

So striking was this remoteness from her fellow men that, until Mrs. Macy took her hand, Helen seemed more like an automaton or a creature from another world than like a human being. But at her teacher's touch, she seemed to be transformed and became a woman quivering with animation, intelligence and emotion, filled with sympathy and good fellowship for all mankind. She seems never to have lost her first

great joy at being in communication with the outside world.

Her quick understanding of what is said to her would seem more marvelous to me were I not a firm believer in mental telepathy, and I think this assists Helen greatly. I was neither surprised nor disappointed in her speech. Her voice carried very well and her enunciation was good, although lacking in uniformity.

I was much interested in Mrs. Macy's account of Helen Keller's life and education. The thought is infinitely pathetic—of those long, patient, yet fruitless hours she spends at her typewriter typing page after page, only to be told that, owing to the ink being out of the machine, they are *blank*! To think of this waste of energy—and *all* in the dark! Still, this is what we all do in our daily lives. Blindly we work and strive, often with no apparent result. But borrowing Helen's optimism, I think that even as her manuscripts must be improved by the obligatory second writing, so our characters are strengthened by our failures and disappointments.

From infancy I had been taken on excursions down the bay, but the height of my desire was to see the ocean. So when I was finally taken to a small sea resort on the New Jersey coast, my pleasure knew no bounds. It was the greatest distance I had ever been away from home, but of the journey there and back I cannot recall an incident. I only remember a very few happenings of my stay of some weeks. The ocean came to mean everything to me though at first I was much disappointed in it. I do not remember now what

my ideas of it had been but when I stood on the shore and saw the waves running up the beach, I was taken aback at the ocean being "just like the bay, only bigger." Then, as my eyes traveled over the expanse of water, I was awed by its vastness and beauty. I felt smaller and more insignificant than the grains of sand beneath my feet. Yet the ocean gave me a sense of freedom and exhilaration that I cannot describe.

Our party was at the hotel only to eat and sleep. Yet those hours were far too long for me away from my beloved ocean. Several times I was seen going down to the beach by myself, an act that took much courage in those days. My delight was to get into my bathing suit and play in shallow water. But our men friends were most kind and faithful in carrying me out to the breakers as far as possible. I fairly reveled in the surf. I also enjoyed boating of every sort.

My second visit to the seashore about seven years later was to Ocean City, Maryland. And while still delighting in the ocean as much as ever, I was living at an isolated cottage whose inmates were mostly middle-aged, so I found the place very dull and I became much depressed. Sister Fannie tells that when she suggested coming down for a week-end visit to us, I wrote, "Don't waste your good 'American dollars'!"

The ocean responds to every mood of mine. When I am joyful the waves seem to dance and leap for very happiness and joy in their vastness and freedom. When I am sad, they moan with all the heartbreaks of the world.

I have never seen a storm at sea, but I imagine I

would forget the possible danger and destruction in the wildness and sublimity of the scene. One of the most beautiful sights I ever saw was an eclipse of the moon as it was shining on the ocean. It took place about one or two o'clock in the morning. I had cheerfully submitted to going to bed early, confident in my sister's promise to come for me in proper time. Being wrapped up and carried through the deserted corridors of the hotel down to the small and silent group of watchers on the porch, and sitting absorbed in the beautiful phenomenon in the stillness of the night, made a profound impression on me.

Although thoroughly enjoying travel and sightseeing, they are very fatiguing. To this fact and to my dislike of recalling the past, I attribute my inability to remember well the places I have visited or things I have seen. When about eleven and sixteen years old, I went to Philadelphia and was, on both visits, taken to the principal places of interest—the Mint, Fairmount Park, even visiting Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge. Yet these and other events of both my Philadelphia trips are almost forgotten. The last time I was not at all well and was mentally unhappy. I was worried about embracing the Catholic religion, and I had several other things on my mind. So it is easy to account for things not impressing me at this time.

But I have been going to Washington, D. C. almost annually since I was five years old. I have seen the Capitol, the Treasury, Congressional Library, the Corcoran Art Gallery, and other places of interest,

but I retain the same indistinct memory of them all. At the time, I know that the beautiful forest of columns in the Congressional Library made quite an impression, yet now I can hardly recall it, after only eight or ten years. The only thing I remember in the Corcoran Gallery is Hiram Powers' *Greek Slave*, copies of which I had been familiar with before. I cannot remember any of the pictures or other things, much to my regret. I used to think this peculiar phase of an otherwise good memory was due to my trying to take in too much, so I tried seeing a few things at a time, making efforts to remember each one.

In 1906 I went to Niagara, enjoying the long day's travel on the train very much, and without fatigue. We reached the town about nine o'clock at night, complacent at the thought of our accommodations having been reserved at a hotel, only to find that a medical convention was occupying the whole place. The proprietor took us to a private place which was also full of guests, only the billiard room being vacant. A comfortable bed had been put in it and we thankfully took possession; but it was strange and startling to wake up in the night and see the long grey-covered billiard table not ten feet away.

The next day we took a drive (which I do not recollect at all) to the principal points of interest. But I remember that, like the sea, the first sight of the beautiful Falls of Niagara disappointed me. They were not half high or wild enough—and when we took the Gorge trip, even the rapids were too tame for me also.

After a couple of days in the town, we went to a

hotel called the "Hospice" on the Canadian side. There in the peace and quiet of the country the magnificence and beauty of the Falls gradually grew on me and I never tired of gazing at them. They awoke the noblest sentiments of my soul. The Hospice was situated nearly opposite the Horseshoe Falls with nothing between to mar the spectacle at any hour of the day, and frequently we saw the lovely rainbow which was beautiful beyond description.

Kindly assisted by a gentleman we met in Niagara, I went all the way under the Falls. It was a delightful experience, as I enjoyed the walk along the dim corridor, exhilarated at accomplishing the feat which nearly everyone had thought beyond me. A short distance from the end my sister became afraid of my slipping, and wanted to turn back. But the guide and my friend assuring her that it was not so dangerous as it looked, we kept on and were compensated beyond measure. I would not have missed the view for worlds. It was glorious to be out almost in the beautiful cataracts themselves, protected only by a frail wooden porch, with the water on all sides and its spray on my face. I longed to stay out there for hours, but we were an insatiable sight-seeing party, so I had to come away after only a few minutes of real delight.

Contrary to expectations, I did not slip so much as some of the party. But the day was very warm, and between the heavy rubber coat I wore, and the exertion of walking, the perspiration flowed so freely that I was a veritable miniature Niagara Falls myself. On this trip I did everything that most visitors do, ex-

cept go aboard the famous *Maid of the Mist* which my sister thought a venture too dangerous to attempt. But I should have gone if I had had the chance.

While at the Hospice, words cannot tell the peace and rest it was to go to sleep and to waken with the music of the Falls in my ears. I felt cradled in the arms of Nature and soothed by one of her grandest symphonies.

On the way home, we stopped for a day in Buffalo and spent the time in riding around the city, and in seeing the former Exhibition grounds. The administration building there is one of the most beautiful structures I have ever seen, but I scarcely remember anything about the city, although I was impressed by its atmosphere of activity. Even the walk of the people on the streets had an energy and definiteness of purpose that are sadly missing in southern cities.

Since this trip I have been twice to Boston by sea. The first time we glided out of the harbor just at sunset. The passengers having gone down to supper, I was alone on deck. How desolate and useless all the empty chairs looked, yet how restful and peaceful was the silence after the noisy bustle of getting aboard! I felt I was part of the boat and was glad to go out to sea. The beautiful sunset lighting up the water was symbolic of my trip which was one of unalloyed pleasure.

The captain of the vessel was very attentive, often having us up in his cabin, and several times, much to my delight, he allowed me on the bridge. Nearly all the passengers took an interest in me and I enjoyed

and was flattered by their attentions. I seemed to amuse them by always wanting to be in the bow of the boat where I could get the most air and could see ahead. One day it was quite rough but, aided by sister Fannie and the stewardess, I got to my chair on deck and there I stayed from nine in the morning until six at night without moving.

I preferred the upper berth and really enjoyed climbing up and down. But my chief pleasure was to wake up and see the sunrise. The majesty and beauty of Nature in that quiet hour always awaken my deepest sentiments of reverence and adoration. With the Psalmist, my heart cries: "I will praise Thee, O God, at the break of day!" Each sunrise is just as beautiful and wonderful as if it were the first I had ever seen. There have been many years when I hated the dawn of a new day. Now, I hail the morning with profound gratitude for being given another day to "make good" on earth.

During our three days in Boston, we spent several hours in the Museum of Fine Arts, but I cannot recall anything about it. The memory of the Public Library is more vivid; I was impressed with the beautiful marble stairs and mural decorations. Abbey's *Holy Grail* and Sargent's *Prophets*, I wished to study again and again. I was really indignant because the beautiful painting of the prophet Hosea was stuck back in a corner. Everything about the picture appeals to me. The face is ideal, with its strength and tragic brooding gaze into the future.

Faneuil Hall was most interesting, but I was dis-

appointed at not having thrills of patriotism while in "The Cradle of Liberty." However, I was glad to see the historic old place even if my emotions did not work satisfactorily.

We tried to get into the Old South Church but it was closed. The interior of Trinity Church made little impression as it is not half so attractive as the exterior. Yet this may be a hasty criticism as I was very tired when there.

The Christian Science Temple impressed me with its size, but while greatly admiring it, I could not get away from its coldness. I much preferred the adjoining little mother church with its beautiful stained glass window of the Madonna and Child. It was amusing to find the caretaker, a Canadian, once a Catholic, who urged my going to Beauprè as he was sure Sainte Anne would do me good, if she did not entirely cure me.

We spent nearly a day in Concord, driving about and seeing many historical and literary landmarks. It was interesting to see the little old house where Louisa Alcott lived and wrote her books. I could imagine her scribbling and chewing her pencil (if she were guilty of such a thing). We passed Hawthorne's home and it added an item to my personal interest to note that the lower part of our driver's ears grew to his head, as I had always pictured those of *The Marble Faun*.

From Concord we drove to Lexington over the road famed for the ride of Paul Revere. We saw the beautiful statue of *The Minute Man* and several others.

Then back to Boston by trolley. I enjoyed this day greatly but have forgotten a good part of it.

Much to my disappointment, lack of time obliged us to leave "The Hub" without seeing Bunker Hill. Of our returning sea voyage there is nothing to note.

In 1909 my sister Ella and I went to the famous shrine of Sainte Anne de Beauprè, Canada. We went to Boston by sea, just for the voyage, stayed at night at the Parker House, and proceeded the next day by rail to Portland, Maine. Before leaving Portland, we visited Longfellow's home and several other places of interest which I forget. About seven o'clock that night we took what we thought was a *through* train to Port Levis. Much to our dismay, at eleven o'clock, we were obliged to get off at a wayside station called Richmond and wait till two A.M. for our train. But I curled up on a seat and had a nice nap of some length.

When I awoke half an hour before train time, the waiting room was unbearable, with its vitiated air. So I gathered up courage and went out and sat on the door step. It was a novel sight to see the trainmen moving about in the shadowy light. I looked up at the quiet peaceful stars and wondered what the day just beginning held for me. We had planned to reach Quebec in time for me to go to Mass and receive Communion; so my disappointment was keen at this delay which put our arrival at Quebec in time for Mass out of the question.

Finally our train came, and settled therein, I went comfortably to sleep on a seat of a day coach. I awoke

about half past six, thankful to see the lovely country through which we were passing at such an hour. I had my beads in my hand when a Catholic priest passed through the car. This, I suppose, made him smile at me, and I smiled back. When he returned, sister Ella had awakened so he stopped and spoke to us. Seeing that I was an invalid, he asked if we were going to Beauprè and when answered in the affirmative, he became much interested as he had been cured there.

He took us to a quaint old convent in Port Levis where he said Mass and gave me Holy Communion. We came up with him again at Beauprè and again at Montreal and our friendship lasted until he died.

It was beautiful crossing the St. Lawrence from Port Levis to Quebec but we were on the boat too short a time. I do not remember much that happened that day as I was very fatigued. I think we drove around the city, over to St. John's hill and the Plains of Abraham. Late in the afternoon, we went by trolley to Sainte Anne de Beauprè where we stayed two weeks.

My Catholic friends hoped that Sainte Anne would miraculously cure me. Non-Catholics looked on with a half-skeptical, half-credulous air. As for myself, I really did not expect any physical benefit. The chance had come to visit the famous shrine and I gladly took advantage of it—that was all. But to satisfy my conscience that I would do all in my power to obtain a miracle, I exhausted myself in attending the religious services every morning and evening, and I had the relic of Saint Anne applied to me a number of times.

I looked on Beauprè as a sort of Mount Sinai where God and the soul met in a special way, so I lived much more in the spiritual atmosphere of the place than in my material surroundings. Consequently, when a friend urged my writing an article on Beauprè, describing the Basilica, especially the beautiful carving on the altar rail, it was news to me that the rail was carved at all although I had been sitting in front of it for days! Having my attention called to it, I saw that the altar rail was of beautiful white marble with exquisite bas-reliefs of Biblical subjects.

The Basilica was beautiful and pleasing to the eye but I did not take time from my devotions to look at it very much. The stacks of crutches, braces, and bandages which had been discarded by the clients of good Sainte Anne would have made a greater impression had I not seen a number like them at the shrine of the Blessed Virgin in a church at Roxbury, Massachusetts.

In front of the Basilica at Beauprè was a large square where thousands of pilgrims used to gather and march, all singing and carrying lighted candles into the Church and up to the shrine of Sainte Anne. Sometimes we joined the procession, sister Ella wheeling me in a chair; or we would stand on the steps of the Basilica and watch the people. My sister thought it a very beautiful and inspiring sight but I hardly remember those processions.

I do not trust myself to say how many thousands of people came and went while we were there. Every day there were trains bearing five and six hundred

pilgrims. In 1914 the Shrine was visited by 193,370 pilgrims, and I can readily believe the figures I have just quoted, by the number that I myself saw.

Knowing that I should be safe, and realizing my utter fearlessness, my sister used to leave me in the Basilica during services, and I was much surprised and amused when strangers complimented my courage in not getting at least "nervous" at being left alone in the vast multitude. But it never occurred to me to be afraid. Even during the first few days when I hardly knew anybody, I did not feel timid at being alone. Afterward people came to know me and I had friends all over the Basilica; besides I always carried an identification card.

On both sides of the main church were a number of small chapels. I selected one which had a large "Pietà" in it as the place where my sister would meet me after the services when the crowd was too dense in the body of the church for her to find me. The Dead Christ lying at rest on His Mother's lap, after all the weariness and struggles of life, appealed strongly and gave me a most welcome sense of rest and tranquility. It was good to know that some day I, too, would find rest in death! For I was tired all the time we were at Beauprè. It was July and the weather was unusually warm and humid.

A building near the Basilica contained a facsimile of the *Scala Sancta* in Rome—a staircase of twenty-eight steps ascended by Our Lord when going to be judged by Pontius Pilate—and which, at Beauprè, the people ascend upon their knees. There are side-

flights for ascending and descending in the ordinary way. Much to the surprise of our friends, I ascended the *Scala Sancta* on my knees twice. I found it very hard and had to use my hands a good deal in going from step to step so really the ascents were made on both my *hands* and *knees*. Still, at the top I was there to meet my sister who had walked up the side steps. Nor was I too tired afterward to inspect the whole building.

Among the sights in Beauprè was an excellent cyclorama of the Holy Land which we visited only once; but it impressed me so much that I can see it vividly now with my mental eye. That is something very unusual for me. I have always regretted that we were prevented by the intense heat from a more prolonged study of it.

At sunset I enjoyed going out on the pier and seeing the shadows on the beautiful St. Lawrence and the Laurentian Mountains.

During our stay in Beauprè seven or eight miraculous cures took place; but the nearest I came to seeing one was the day before we left when a man walked around the Basilica on crutches, left them at Sainte Anne's shrine and went out leaning on a cane. We left before we could learn whether he was really cured.

I remember many other things pertaining to our visit to this little Canadian shrine but they seem hardly worth mentioning here. Before returning to Quebec we spent a delightful afternoon at the beautiful Falls of Montmorency, and the interesting old residence of the Duke of Kent, with its atmosphere of days of long

ago. I enjoyed the thrills of ascending and descending the mountain there by the way of the funicular railway, thinking of the possibility of the cable's breaking, yet feeling sure it would not. I looked out of the window at the depth below and the height above, and I felt strangely happy.

We stayed three days in fascinating Quebec, visiting the quaint old Basilica, the Lower Town, the Parliament buildings, and other places of interest, including the grand old Citadel which appealed most to my imagination. Although we did as much sight-seeing as possible, I felt we caught only a fleeting glimpse of the unique city, and have always longed to go back and see it more thoroughly.

I remember nothing of our departure from Quebec, nor of our railroad journey to Montreal where we stayed several days opposite the Windsor Hotel on Dominion Square and just around the corner from the beautiful St. James Cathedral which is a copy of St. Peter's in Rome, but only half the size. The interior is entirely of white and gold. Built in the form of a cross, the Cathedral is 330 feet long and 222 feet wide; the great dome is 70 feet in diameter at its base and its summit is 210 feet from the floor, or rather from the spectators thereon. These expansive dimensions and the simple chastity of decoration made the church come nearest to my ideal of a temple most fitting in which to worship the Infinite God. It is so majestic and spacious that the soul can take "the wings of a dove and fly and be at rest."

In striking contrast to the church proper of Notre

Dame de Montreal, which though in general design beautiful and full of lovely things, is the little chapel of the Sacred Heart in the rear, which I really believe is a gem of art. We ascended the towers of Notre Dame, 227 feet high, partly by elevator, and partly by steps. It was a hot climb but we were amply repaid by the magnificent view we obtained of the city and harbor, besides seeing and touching the "largest bell in America" weighing 24,780 pounds.

One morning at breakfast, I heard two nice-looking women at a table near ours saying they would like to find two others to share a four-seated carriage with them for a drive around the city. I coaxed my sister to approach them, the outcome being that we had a very delightful drive of five hours together. They took a great interest in me and were most kind in wanting me to see everything possible. They had been Catholics but were alienated from the Church, and one told us in the saddest manner that she had tried various religions but found in none the comfort and sweetness of the old Catholic faith.

On our way home from Canada, we spent a day in Portland, Maine, visiting the early home of Henry W. Longfellow, and other points of interest. Then we went on to Boston where we spent several days of which I remember almost nothing as I was very tired. This is the last trip of any length I have taken.

Minds trained from youth can form no conception of the difficulty I have in expressing my ideas. Every day I am more conscious of my lack of education and mental discipline. God gave me a good mind, observ-

ing and analytical to an extent, which causes people to believe I reason logically. But I never could go through any lengthy and profound reasoning. Occasionally I put two experiences together and deduce a conclusion. I have, however, intuition and receive most of my knowledge in lightning-like flashes. I have been much flattered by hearing that my mind was brilliant although even in my most confident moments, I cannot see how it is more than a little above the average.

At times I feel mentally very vigorous and that I might perhaps accomplish some literary work, but I allow trifles to hinder me, as not having the typewriter handy, so I lose the ideas. I write only ^{on} with the right thumb and left index finger. It takes usually an hour to type a page of standard typewriting paper. This slow way of writing lets many thoughts escape, as I think three times as fast as I can type. I have never tried dictation but imagine it would be just as slow, or unsatisfactory.

My best thinking is done when lying on my back with head slightly raised by a cushion, although some of my best letters have been written when I have gone to the typewriter not knowing what to say. Often this has been the case in writing this story of my life. My favorite hours for thought are between five and seven in the morning, at sunset, and from eleven to two at night.

One of my besetting sins is sloth. Up to the age of fifteen or sixteen, I was very energetic, like my father. Since then nothing has seemed worth while. I often

consider the unceasing activity of humanity. Defectives omitted, everybody seems to be pursuing some definite aim in life. I question of what use can it possibly be. For in this mood, everything seems dead. I see things as if time were no more. Everything going on around me seems phantoms of the past. I view things through a veil of death; and so nothing appears really vital. This is my general attitude toward life. It is only when something touches me closely that I wake up.

For the last thirty years I have suffered continually from physical weariness and lassitude. From the time I force myself to rise in the morning until I retire at night, it is a constant exertion of will to accomplish the least thing. The Catholic religion is my greatest help here. Taught by the Church that Christ fulfilled His mission on earth in lifelong weariness of soul and body, I find it a motive for thanksgiving to live my little life in like manner as it seems God's will. This is a great psychological factor as I constantly pray and strive not to show my fatigue by impatience, although I am very irritable at times. But this lassitude has the great advantage of often preventing me from the exertion of expressing my opinions which very often have proved far better unuttered. I have escaped much trouble by my fatigue-compelled silences for often I have said things I regret exceedingly. And, too, my lassitude often impresses people wrongly. They endow me with virtues of resignation which I do not possess. Sometimes they pity me for being deprived of certain amusements and pleasures which in truth would bore me beyond words.

Very often I have a curious sensation which I can not exactly describe. I seem to have seen and heard everything in this life so often that I feel satiated. All amusements (or entertainments) give me the ghastly impression of flickering candles and faded flowers in the dismal dawn of a deserted ballroom. I go to the opera, enjoy the music more or less, but thoughts like these constantly come to mind: "How foolish it is for these people to dress up and prance around the stage! For what are they doing it? For what? For what?" Yet so far as the stage is concerned I am convinced that it has been one of the greatest factors for progress and civilization in the world. We could not have done without the stage as an educator, nor will anything ever take its place. Occasionally, I enjoy a good play. I love to laugh with the characters and to weep with them. I like to have the actors play on my emotions as an artist does on a violin.

David Warfield is my favorite actor but, unfortunately, I saw him in *The Auctioneer* when I was not well. I jotted down my impression of it the next day which is as follows:

Saw David Warfield in *The Auctioneer*. Did not enjoy it a bit. The first scene, with all that junk depressed me horribly. I am really a little crazy on the subject of a few possessions and of having as few things around as possible. I think this is due to my inability to take care of things. I cannot describe the oppressed feeling given me by a multitude of objects in one place. I long for *space*. No one knows how restful I find it to look up at the sky at nightfall and see the immense spaces between the stars. In my mood of weariness that crowded auction shop spoiled the whole play.

Many times since, the consummate art of David Warfield's acting has been recalled, and I see again in memory that poor brave old man peddling his wares on the street. This was the most pathetic and appealing thing in the play.

When quite young, I persuaded my father to take me to see Booth and Barrett. I said I was sure if I waited until I were older something would happen to one of them. (Booth died not long after.) The play was *Julius Caesar* and I remember very well Booth's unsurpassed Brutus, and the modest, lovable Barrett as Cassius. It was Booth's birthday and I was much taken by his speech between acts. In acknowledging the great ovation given him, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I thank you fifty-seven times."

Since then I have seen many plays. After considering them all, I think *The Return of Peter Grimm* decidedly the best. I wish every man and woman, not only could see it, but be made to learn the lessons it teaches. David Warfield leaves nothing to be desired in his impersonation of Peter Grimm and it is truly wonderful. The way he portrays the heart-breaking anguish of the devoted spirit at not being known or understood by those to whom he returns after his death is marvelous.

This appealed to me the more on account of the difficulty I have had in making myself understood. And besides, all my life I have felt that at times the dead wished to communicate with me, but I have not sufficient psychic powers. It is a distressing sensa-

tion as I am very conscious at these times of the spirit's presence, yet suffer because I can learn nothing definite, and I know the spirit must be distressed at not being able to communicate its wishes.

I have a contented disposition. When I rebel at life's crosses, it is very often at the influence of others—either by speech or mental attitude, as I believe we are all affecting each other by our thoughts every minute of our lives—here and possibly beyond the grave. Here is an example: Two friends of mine have a constant fear when in the street of falling, not only themselves, but of my doing it too when I am with them. Five or six times one of them has been walking in the street behind me without my knowledge and each time I fell. This was so marked that my sister noticed it. If we are so susceptible to the suggestive thoughts of others that we manifest them physically, how much more must they influence the subtle workings of our minds. When alone, I am not in the least afraid of thunder, and lightning, but during storms when I am with a person who is afraid, I feel very uncomfortable.

No matter how I try to overcome it, one of the friends who fears my falling is very repugnant to me. Once when I was talking to another friend, this woman came and gently put her arms around my waist. Now, from childhood, I have resented familiarity. So, when I turned and saw who it was, such a repulsion overcame me that I could hardly be civil. I have often questioned why this person repels me whenever I come in contact with her. She is an up-

right, generous-hearted woman, very bright and intellectual, hungry for affection which, I imagine, is not very lavishly bestowed upon her as she has a slight physical affliction and is of a very nervous temperament. About fifteen years ago, when she only knew me by sight, she had occasion to visit us. She said she was days in overcoming the dread of meeting me, as she thought I would appeal to her sympathy so much that she would not be able to control herself. Many, before they know me, think I suffer intensely or that I shall do something strange in their presence. Perhaps my constant twitching is unnerving. By a great effort she overcame her dread and, according to the usual working of a psychological law, was completely changed by her visit. I was in a happy mood and by my cheerfulness and general make-up, dispelled her erroneous ideas of my sufferings. She has liked me ever since and seems to crave my affection. Is it because she desires the love I cannot give, or because we are so much alike in nerves, or pure self-centeredness in each of us that is repellent?

Although I have said I should find it hard to love any one very much, still there are several friends to whom I have given my deep affection and when parted I have grieved so intensely that I have become actually ill. Once I was in bed a week as the result of parting with a friend. I always hated to show emotion, which makes it doubly hard on my nerves, and after any unusual strain they ache like a tooth, all over my body. I never could understand my intense dislike of showing any emotion. Possibly, al-

ways exciting so much sympathy physically, I covet the privilege of privacy regarding my mental status.

I get fads on both men and women. After two or three years, my love cools down to a slight affection but I would do anything for them. I have never been thrown with children. If I ever am, I shall try to cultivate that maternal affection which is so essential to the full development of character. One does not love in the noblest sense until he or she has somebody dependent on him or her. I believe that in this matter my experience has been unique. Most people cannot remember the time when someone was not dependent on them. I lived twenty-five years before knowing anything except reliance on others. Since then I have had several chances to lend a comforting hand to those undergoing trouble, and these experiences have taught me how our whole nature expands when we feel that someone needs us. I am thankful to have passed through these experiences, but I was always glad when they were over as I felt a responsibility and an overwhelming sense of my unworthiness of the trust.

It seems to be one of the deepest desires of the soul to feel it is needed by another, and the saddest moments of my life have been when persons have said: "No one needs me!" Their grief has been so profound that I felt it would be a mockery and an indignity to offer any sympathy. So I have suffered keenly at not being able to show how my heart ached for them. With the exception of a few persons whom I regard seriously, I consider my fellow men generally in the

light of playthings. My oldest sister has often laughingly said that I thought her my monkey on a stick. Several of the persons I have admired and esteemed most have wanted to assume a playful attitude toward me, and I have gladly acquiesced. By playful, I mean that in their deep strong sympathetic natures they have wished to keep the serious and sorrowful things away from me as much as possible.

I flatter myself that there are comparatively few upon whom I have a neutral influence; people are either very fond of me or dislike me. Some, while admiring my intellect, do not care to have me around, as they think I see too much; but they credit me with more insight than I possess. Others sit and look at me with an ever-present interrogative expression in their eyes, as if to say, "I really wonder if you're half so smart as people think." And I often feel like saying, "Friend, *that* is something I'd like to know myself."

My gratitude to God is very deep for making me, on the whole, magnetic. The family say that I attract more sympathy than other so-called afflicted ones. Of this, I have no means of judging as I have never come much in contact with others having physical limitations. But I attract, first, through sympathy, secondly, by my intellect, thirdly, because I possess nothing to envy or overshadow others. Lastly, my dependence appeals to the majority of people. Some idealize me—that is because of my inability to express myself freely. Where there is silence, there is mystery; and we all love to worship the mysterious

—or rather the unfathomable. About a year ago, my sister and I were walking on the street when we were approached by a woman of good appearance who said she was a physician and her “interest and sympathy went out to ‘little ones’ like me.” And she looked into my eyes and said: “How I’d love to know all the wonderful thoughts that are going on in that little head!” I must confess that just then those “wonderful thoughts” were doing nothing but the prosaic work of trying to estimate her age and personality. This is another reason why I appeal to and attract people, namely, my apparent youth. Every one on first meeting me thinks I am a child or a young girl; and even some who know my age seem to forget it when with me. I try to encourage this attitude as much as possible by holding the thought that I am very young. I try always to be the child when with people. To myself, I am youth and maturity blended into one. As Father A. J. Ryan said:

*The rose that sleeps upon yon valley's breast,
Just born today, is not as young as I:
The moss-robed oak of twice a thousand storms—
An acorn cradled ages long ago—
Is old, in sooth, but not as old as I.*

I often feel so very old; then again so very young. Nearly everyone retains through life some traits of childhood; in some they are very disappointing and annoying; in others, these characteristics of youth are perfectly charming.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

IN 1915 I finished the first part of my autobiography, and now at the suggestion of Dr. Edgar A. Doll and others I am resuming the narrative once more. But it is almost as difficult as recapturing the early memories of childhood. The days and years have succeeded each other with such monotonous repetition that their trivial events have left but faint impress on my mind.

Until the year 1926 I could walk with some effort leaning on a cane, and to the concomitant fatigue I have always attributed my forgetfulness of passing events. Also, as I have previously mentioned, I have considered very few occurrences of sufficient importance to stamp them upon memory. So I have let daily happenings slip into oblivion with the restful quiet of each day's sun descending into the depths of the horizon.

Yet at times I find my memory a dear companion to cheer and rest me with its beautiful scenes from the past. But my inclination is to live mentally in the present and future. I think the past should be only "stepping-stones" to higher things. Early in life I

found the necessity of forgetting undesirable memories and concentrating on the good and helpful ones. We can all train and control our thoughts. I have known several fine characters who have ruined their lives just by brooding. It would be a far happier world if children were trained as early as possible in mental hygiene.

A few years ago for a period of some months, I was in constant contact with a person of primitive and warped mentality, who kept me in great anxiety regarding my future should death deprive me of all my relatives. Only a quill in the hand of Dante could depict the despondence through which I passed while under this person's influence. I even showed it in my eyes. A relative who saw me at the time said my eyes had an expression of terror. And I really think my reason would have been disturbed permanently had I not been able to control my thoughts and put myself into the hands of Divine Providence. I lived only from hour to hour and sometimes from minute to minute during those months.

I mention this experience to show how easy it is for a person isolated and deprived of normal interests to be influenced by an unhealthy mind. At that time, besides having very definite causes for anxiety, I was haunted by the fear of being left in the sole care of this woman and not knowing what she might do with me.

Fortunately this unhappy personality was removed in time and my mind has returned to its habit of looking on the bright side of life. I can now face the

future and whatever it may hold for me without apprehension, and with absolute confidence that whatever my Heavenly Father allows to happen is for my good and for a reason to be learned for my future development.

In retrospect I find that I have always been inclined to take the problems of life a little too seriously; this I attribute to being obliged to sit passively while others engage in the normal activities of life. But it is one of my convictions that one should view events, even the most trivial, as problems to be solved. In this light should also be viewed the various and conflicting personalities with whom we come in contact. Each should be studied with all the sympathetic understanding and toleration at our command.

When forced to witness too antagonistic discussions over matters of utter triviality, I try to analyze my reactions to them, asking myself why they occur and what lessons are to be learned from them. I question in vain, so far, why persons of such opposite characteristics and tastes should be forced to live together by circumstances over which they have no control.

Although Heaven has surrounded me during the past twenty years with every material comfort conducive to happiness, yet my mental life has been far from serene. Being under constant restraint, and lacking congenial companionship in general, I have almost lost the faculties of discursive criticism and analysis. At least they have lain dormant for so long

that it is difficult to use them. To this I attribute in part my clouded memory, as I have wished to forget the many annoying trifles of each day's monotonous existence. Perhaps I have been a great loser in not forcing myself to learn the lessons those moments could have taught, and therefore have missed an eternal benefit. But my emotional reactions were either so intense or so negative that they obliterated most of the results that might have been produced.

The outstanding books I have read during recent years have made slight impression on me, as I hardly remember them. This is due to my continual mental conflict and lack of power of concentration. Then, too, I attribute my faulty memory to lack of vital interest. As I have previously said, my attitude has always been that of mere spectator. While wishing to accomplish my appointed tasks in life, I have an enduring consciousness of detachment, and I have never felt myself a part of normal everyday life, nor shared the interest which holds for the average person. This is the natural result of my physical handicap, and I think of my being constantly with persons much older than myself. Rarely have I known the joy of a companion of my own age or of associating with children.

In the last twenty years I have passed through five or six experiences which caused me much emotional upheaval. My reaction to each of them was a sense of utter futility accompanied by a quiet and abiding grief. But only one of these experiences aroused a feeling of responsibility and remorse, as I questioned

whether I could have done anything to prevent its occurrence. But after a few months I saw that self-condemnation was absolutely wrong, as I could not have changed things any more than a little bird perched on a nearby tree.

Another experience which gave me intense mental pain had the effect of making me feel that I had traveled very far into remote regions of the spirit from which I could never return. It seemed to increase my sense of isolation and detach me from my former life, even withdrew me in a measure from my former intercourse with people. Yet this sorrow has had the beneficial effect of making me realize more intensely my ego, and has given me a fortitude that is incomprehensible to many.

Incredible as it may seem, looking back over nearly half a century, I cannot say that life has brought me many disillusion. Naturally this has been due to my sheltered existence, my association with older persons, and my assumption of the rôle of a thoughtful and understanding observer of everything within reach of eyes and ears. As my sisters had a wide diversity of acquaintances who visited us and discussed personal affairs as well as general topics in my presence, I had much more opportunity than the average handicapped child to learn of the vicissitudes of this strange but beautiful thing we call life.

As I have previously noted, my wise and devoted father during my adolescence made me understand that thoughts of love were not for me. Consequently, I think I am truthful in saying that my mind has

always been healthy and free from the usual dreams of romance. Though blest with the friendships of a number of splendid women who have contributed much to my happiness, I must confess that I have always run true to biological form and have found men in general more interesting and stimulating than women. Men with ten per cent of femininity and women with the same percentage of masculinity, seem to me to be best balanced individuals. It has been my observation that women assume responsibility more readily than men. This opinion was confirmed once in a discussion by a man who was a keen reader of character. It was evident that he hated to admit it, but I admire his honesty.

HOSPITALS

ON TWO OCCASIONS when I have felt the need of a change in environment, I have gone to hospitals for some weeks, principally for the experience of being alone with strangers who did not understand my manual alphabet or any of my signs. I wanted to see how it would feel to be with those with whom I could not communicate.

In the first hospital my sister Blanche stayed with me a week. She said it was a fine place to reduce as the food left much to be desired. I did not mind it as I was having trouble with my teeth and lived mostly on eggs and milk. Before she left a special nurse was assigned for me to whom Blanche taught my manual alphabet, and I had my ouija board, so as far as non-communication went, it was no experiment at all.

My special nurse came on duty at seven in the morning and left at seven in the evening after fixing me for the night. As I was not at all ill I had little occasion to call the hall nurse. I used to sit up in bed and read until ten or eleven o'clock and then fix myself for sleep. I generally slept very well. My days

were largely spent on the hospital's beautiful grounds in a wheel chair, or in the solarium. My stay terminated at the end of three weeks.

After the first night when about a dozen young nurses made various excuses to come into my room out of curiosity, few paid any attention to me, which was a new experience and gave me an insight into how it feels to be just "a case" and not a particularly interesting one at that! I realized the desolation and loneliness that so many pass through in hospitals and sanatoria. I can see how the majority view these institutions with dread because of their detachment from the world and their ever-present odors and appalling, painful sights. But I rather enjoyed my hospital experience as I had gone to learn. I gained not only a new sense of isolation, but I found the experience an excellent ego-deflater.

Though my family was most attentive I had the opportunity of studying the patients in the solarium which proved to be very interesting. Observation broadened my sympathy and my understanding of human nature. Five or six of the patients were friendly; but the majority of them, after the first glance at me, were utterly indifferent. However, Dan Cupid contributed his share to my entertainment, as one of the internes was very fond of Nurse, who did not reciprocate his ardent advances, so she and I had a great deal of fun about it. Then, too, I enjoyed watching her reactions in the little comedy, which I sincerely hope did not prove to be a tragedy to the poor lovelorn doctor.

My second visit to a hospital was equally pleasant, if not more so. As the hospital was situated in the center of the city, a number of friends and relatives came to see me. My confessor, Father Michael A. Purtell, S. J., was assistant chaplain there at that time. He used to visit me daily and we had long, quiet talks. He was my confessor for nearly twenty years, and became as proficient as the family in reading my fingers. Being one of the most spiritual gentlemen I have ever met, he has had a great and lasting influence in forming my character, and I shall always be profoundly grateful for his wise guidance and friendship.

When I told Father Purtell of my intention to publish these memoirs as a book, he zealously endorsed the idea and wrote:

. . . During my stay in Baltimore when I was in charge of the spiritual welfare of deaf-mutes, and while I ministered to her in the capacity of spiritual adviser, I knew Miss Hoopes as a devoted Catholic; a convert with firmly established convictions, eager to make progress in the embraced doctrines. Since my transfer to New York my correspondence with her has increased my admiration for her constantly growing interest in all matters that relate to the spread and practice of those Catholic principles which after earnest prayer for divine guidance, and after mature deliberation and from absolute conviction, she so whole-heartedly embraced and has so consistently lived up to all these years.

The hall on which my room was situated was under the supervision of Sister Mary, a superior character who was kindness itself to me while I was at Mercy Hospital. She asked several priests who were also

patients to come in frequently and talk to me, which added greatly to my pleasure. Many of the Sisters also paid me visits.

Here I was "an interesting case" both to my attending physician and to the interne on my hall. The latter used to come into my room whenever he could and study my athetoid movements. This was in the year 1925 and I presume that a specialized interest in the centuries-old phenomenon of birth-injury was already awakening among thoughtful physicians.

My observation in these two hospitals has led me to the conviction that one of the essentials that makes the happiness of a handicapped person's life is habitual self-control and courtesy; if such a one is brusque, or forgets to show appreciation for even the slightest rendered service, it repels interested attention, and sooner or later that person will be neglected or receive only the cold services of compulsion. Whereas if the handicapped person is always cheerful and appreciative and tactfully raises the self-esteem of attendants, he or she will receive both sympathy and attention.

By long experience I know self-control is most difficult when one is in pain or disturbed in any form, but by Divine Grace and prayer, combined with earnest desire, self-mastery gradually becomes less and less difficult, and in time, almost habitual. The reward of these self-conquests are peace of soul, avoidance of mental conflict, spiritual strength, and undisturbed contentment, besides that of gaining the humane and natural interest of those with whom one comes in contact.

Another essential for maintaining peace and contentment is to consider the unpleasant trivialities of daily life as unworthy of second thought. We should make a mental game out of little disagreeable things by seeing how easily adjustments can be made. For instance, when served food is not prepared to our taste, we should eat it while thinking how delicious some hungry person would find it, or occupy our mind with some pleasant thoughts. I have seen so many people pick over and complain about perfectly good food that I often wonder if it would not be good if they had to go hungry sometimes. I do not want to be uncharitable or hypercritical. I know this tendency to complain and to lay undue stress on the unimportant is typical of invalidism and old age. But I wish for their own good that such people might acquire the habit of seeing things in true perspective, for I know how much happier they would be.

While cultivating in ourselves the joy-giving virtue of gratitude, we should not be too disappointed if occasionally we fail to find it in others. It is not a natural virtue, not a beautiful ethical wild flower that flourishes without care, as the majority of people seem to think, but a moral sentiment that needs to be inculcated from early childhood. Many complain of the ingratitude of the recipients of favors without considering the factors that might be causes of the apparent neglect.

The majority of us receive countless benefits from infancy from indulgent parents and guardians and take favors for granted as we accept the phenomena of nature, and in our wider social relations feel that

momentary expressions of appreciation are sufficient. Ingratitude seems to come as much from ignorance as from pettiness of disposition. So I have found cultivation of this virtue one of the greatest assets to the ethical life. It not only expands us while bringing us happiness, but it gives so much pleasure to those who are trying to be of service. We should be just as grateful for the disagreeable experiences of life as for the pleasant, for if we accept them in this spirit and endeavor to adjust ourselves, we become relaxed and thus avoid the usual upsetting, but futile, emotions.

There are moments when I wearily wonder what it is all about, confronted by the apparent irrationalities of human experience, ranging from the horrors of the war to the extremely nerve-racking trivialities of daily life. But when these thoughts arise I immediately turn my attention to something else, either reading or typing, or merely lying down for a rest. Very shortly the discouragement and depression pass. I have noticed that most of my despondence is caused by emotional or physical fatigue.

Having come in contact with very few severely handicapped persons, my experience is limited. But the few whom I recall have aroused first my interest, and then my sympathy. I think this is because I have always been extremely interested in medicine.

My first recollection in this line is of a girl near my own age, whose case to the layman's eye was very similar to mine, only much more severe, as she was completely helpless except that she had a very limited power of speech which only those in constant attendance upon her could understand. When I was a child,

people on the street frequently mistook me for her. Fortunately her parents were prominent and wealthy and could give her every advantage. She was thought to have a normal mentality, but as her arms and hands were useless, she could only express herself by words barely articulate.

While never coming in direct contact with this girl, I used to see her at a distance, and I wondered about her true mental status. Did she suffer keenly at being deprived of all self-expression, or had the long inarticulate years held her intellectual development in abeyance, while she gradually slipped into apathetic resignation? Her appearance indicated that she suffered physically and that, too, aroused my sympathy. When she died a few years before her mother, I felt as much relieved as if I had known her personally. Seeing one even more handicapped than myself made me intensely grateful that my physical incapacities are not greater. It is a matter of special gratitude that I have been given the power of self-expression, for what a living death it would be to have an active mind doomed to perpetual silence. This thought grows in breadth as I realize more and more that man in his higher aspirations is an eternal expression of the Divine Intelligence. Yet those souls, who by circumstance or illness, must pass their lives in silence and inactivity render a service, the magnitude of which we shall never understand until we reach a far higher degree of spiritual maturity than we now possess.

INSTITUTIONS FOR THE HANDICAPPED

IT IS A SOURCE of deep gratitude that my father was such a devoted parent and that my sisters had reached maturity and were willing to assume the responsibility of caring for me, so I was not put in a sanatorium, but was privileged to live as normal a life as possible with my relatives. My character was undoubtedly developed much more expansively than had I been subjected to a life of routine as I imagine is passed in sanatoria. But I thoroughly agree with Dr. Winthrop Morgan Phelps in his approval of institutional life for birth-injured, mentally normal children; but not for permanent care. It is his opinion that the purpose of the institution in birth-injured cases would be to bring about such adaptations that they may live better in the normal world for the major portion of their lives. Dr. Phelps thinks that the present state of treatment for birth injuries is such that in most cases great improvement can be made, and that an institution should be a place for bringing about improvement. In his opinion, it is a great mistake ever to allow the public to get the idea

that birth injuries are not treatable or not susceptible to improvement.

Dr. Phelps has established several rehabilitation institutions for birth-injured children. One is situated in the beautiful, undulating country some miles from Baltimore. After a pleasant ride from the city, one approaches a substantially-built and attractive residence, with large inviting porches. Upon entering the School, an impression is immediately received of the quiet and homelike atmosphere that pervades the house, which is simply but artistically furnished and decorated. In appearance, any suggestion that it is an institution is avoided as much as possible.

During a visit with Dr. Phelps to the Children's Rehabilitation Institute my sisters and I could see by the well-nourished appearance and the happy faces of the children what excellent and loving care they receive from the adequate and competent staff of teachers and supervisors. The Institute not only provides primary education, but gives equal attention to medical treatment to overcome the physical handicaps of the children to the extent of the capacity of the child. It was of especial interest to see the ingeniously constructed seats and devices for the use and comfort of the pupils. As I looked at the children, I wondered what the future held for them, and I was consoled by the thought that no matter what the years may bring into their lives, they would always have the memories of the happy days spent in the care of Dr. Phelps, as the joy and affection with which one and all of the children greeted him was most touching.

On the other hand, an equally authoritative source has pointed out that a distinction should be made between birth-injured, feeble-minded children and birth-injured, mentally normal children. In addition to the question of treatment for muscle improvement, one has to take account of their considerations surrounding the home life of mentally and physically handicapped persons. After treatment many of these patients are still gravely handicapped. Some are not even susceptible to improvement. Those who cannot take an independent place in the world may be better off in institutions, if their home situations are not favorable to their condition. These are the cases for whom institutional care of the custodial type may be of the utmost importance. Especially equipped homes for the incapacitated not only offer proper medical care and treatment, but give adequate educational advantages while the psychological benefits of being with those similarly handicapped is an inestimable help in final adjustment.

This fact was especially impressed upon me during a visit to the beautifully located Training School at Vineland, New Jersey. Here the adults as well as the children seem so happy and secure in the humane and interested charge of guardians who showed such nobility of character as only years of self-sacrifice and self-forgetting service can engrave in spiritual beauty upon human countenance. How fascinating I thought it would be to remain at the School a while and be an observer of life in that little colony with its extremes of personalities and interests. Such an atmosphere of quiet happiness pervaded the place that

it seemed an ideal spot in which to pass the entire life of one who was not adaptable to the responsibilities encountered in the world.

In the majority of cases I imagine that after the novelty has worn off, the handicapped person gradually finds adjustment to the changing complexities of life in the average household increasingly difficult and often longs for the peace and shelter of the institution. It is a logical conclusion, that no matter how kind and considerate the relatives of the physically disabled person try to be, there must exist for him a sense of isolation which is intensified by being forced to live in the midst of an active, normal life that accentuates his own limited powers. This sense is all the more acute after having been surrounded by those handicapped like himself. I have gleaned this knowledge of deep loneliness from autobiographies of the underprivileged.

The normal person's reaction to the incapacitated should be considered as it often takes heroic patience and sympathy on their part to understand us. Everyone has his own peculiarities, but those are exaggerated to us in a greater or less degree by our frustration and by our mental and physical pain. So in every situation we handicapped ones should try to see the other person's point of view, whether normal, or a fellow sufferer in some form. My slight knowledge of practical psychology has been of inestimable value in dealing with my fellow men. When possible everyone should do some reading in this line and apply the rule whenever occasion demands; then life would be

definitely happier for us all. To me, applied psychology makes it much easier to do unto others as you would that they should do unto you, and to love your neighbor as yourself. The beautiful spiritual fruit of benignity is produced more abundantly when one has some knowledge of the working of one's neighbor's mind. Finally, as I believe in the survival of the personality after death, psychology seems to be one of the important earthly sciences that might contribute to our higher life.

THE SPEECHLESS ONE

IN CONSTRUCTING memories of childhood I am vividly impressed to realize how greatly I was blest by being surrounded with those who were so devoted and who tried to anticipate my every wish. My immediate family, our colored servants, and my little playmates in the neighborhood, all took the kindest interest in learning my manual signs and as time progressed, my alphabet. Consequently, I was seldom conscious of the deprivation of speech, especially as I could specify all my tangible wants by pointing to objects desired. But I remember the intense emotions of isolation and frustration aroused when I wanted to express something in the abstract. With my own anguish, for such it was to a little child, I felt such sorrow for distressing those loving hearts who were trying to understand me that I would have long crying spells from nervous exhaustion. But happily this all ceased as soon as I began to spell on my blocks and fingers. I believe I was about six years old when I knew the spelling of enough words to request my usual daily needs. A factor that greatly helped me was hearing my brother recite his spelling lessons to

which I eagerly listened as soon as I realized that it would be a means of expressing my thoughts.

There are pleasant recollections of the occasions when I conveyed the impression that I had some interesting news to tell; then I would become the center of a group, whose members offered solutions and tried to guess what I wished to make understood. Needless to say, this was very pleasing to my youthful ego.

Some of my happiest hours were those spent with my father on daily buggy rides which he made as instructive as possible for me. He used to laughingly remark that I "kept his side next to which I sat, black and blue by punching him to attract his attention," and then pointing out objects about which I wanted to be informed.

On cold days he used to take me into the houses of the persons called upon and it was when left alone for a while with kindly strangers that I was most conscious of, and sometimes embarrassed, by my inability to speak in accepting their hospitality. At these times I remember my muscular twitching increased very markedly. After father's death, my sister Ella and I boarded for a few years. By that time I had gotten my placard with the alphabet and I now could converse with anyone. The other boarders were either very friendly or paid no attention to me, which I took as a matter of course. During those years I used to casually speculate on how my physical condition affected strangers. I look back very gratefully to my experience of boarding houses, as in them I

obtained most of my limited knowledge of human nature. At that time it was my ambition to become an American George Eliot. Consequently, I keenly observed everyone with whom I came in contact. But by the time I was twenty years old I realized that my lack of education and the unfavorable circumstances of my life would be insurmountable obstacles to a literary career. This realization came so gradually that it did not cause many periods of depression; but I think this frustration has had a saddening effect upon my whole life.

On looking back through the years I cannot say that my inability to speak caused me much inconvenience, as my other severe physical handicaps necessitated my being accompanied wherever I went by someone who understood my signs and interpreted for me. When I was between eight and thirteen I used to ride on my tricycle by myself around the block where we lived and there were several shops where I could go in and make my small purchase myself. The shopkeepers were always kind and took a friendly interest in me. I remember one dear old man, who though he had known me all my life, seemed worried when I first entered his shop unaccompanied. He kept a close watch on me to see if I handled things, but when he found I attended strictly to business by merely pointing to the toy or candy I wanted, holding out the money for it, he showed amusement, and in time we became very good friends. It took a vast amount of courage to get off my tricycle and go into that shop for the first time alone. But the thrill of

importance and independence it gave me amply repaid my effort, and solitary shopping became the event of the afternoon. Of course everyone in the block knew me and I was as safe on the pavement as I was at home those days.

It is a strong characteristic of mine that I have very definite ideas regarding my desires. I recall very vividly that this trait gave me my first lesson in the law of supply and demand. As a child I was extremely fond of doughnuts, and frequently patronized a little bakery near our home. One day when about six years old I went into the store and was told that the doughnuts had been sold out. I remember my disappointment at not being supplied, but it was as nothing to the knowledge that the bakery could ever get out of these eatables. If I had been told that all the stars had fallen from the firmament I could not have been more amazed or chagrined. I showed my emotions by crying and stamping my feet. The shopkeeper, his wife and daughters tried to pacify me by offering every dainty in the store, even an elaborate wedding cake, but I remember stamping out of the store in high dudgeon, pulling my nurse after me. The next day my sister went into the bakery and was told by the man's wife that I had gotten "Oh, so mad!" and would not accept any substitute for the doughnuts. I mention this trivial incident to show that I was the average spoiled child, having a will and a temper of my own.

This brings me to the discussion that two friends had over my relating in the first part of the book

that I used to make my poor grandfather play at partaking of "Tea" made of sweetened water. One friend was a literary woman and the other a woman physician interested in psychology. The literary one said the incident was irrelevant and too puerile to mention; but the physician contended that she thought I had made a good psychological point as it showed how early my social instincts manifested themselves despite my handicaps. And she was right as this was the reason why I had told it.

It may seem incomprehensible to many, but there is only one occasion that I can recall upon which my inability to speak caused me some regret. This was once at home alone with a maid, when a friend who thought I had conferred a favor upon him called to express his appreciation. He had never been alone with me, so that made him a bit nervous; then, too, he was an extremely busy gentleman. After he had made his little speech I got my talking-board, but his mind was so preoccupied that he could not concentrate to follow my spelling method of conversation. Consequently, after a few fruitless attempts to understand me he gave up and said, "Let me talk, and you listen." After a few more pleasantries he departed, happy I imagine, in the consciousness of having done a gracious deed. But he left me, the woman, frustrated by not having her say, and still worse, without her reputed prerogative of *the last word*. The incident amuses me now, but at that time it caused shadows to linger around my heart for days. It made me realize the pain of other mutes in not

being able to express themselves. This gives birth to the more serious thought of how often we deprive ourselves of great spiritual enlightenment in prayer, by our excessive eagerness to present our petitions to the Lord instead of receptively listening to the voice of God within our souls.

Sometimes after being with friends I feel a profound exhaustion when apparently there has been neither strain nor effort to cause it. After some seeking for an explanation, I have concluded that very probably I have *unconsciously* desired to talk and express myself, but unconsciously repressed the wish, thus causing an emotional fatigue which is intensified by athetoid movements. These become more severe when I come in contact with people whom I have not seen for a while. My athetoid movements and my emotions seem very closely associated, in that what stirs one, agitates the other.

Of inestimable value in enlarging my vocabulary was the habit formed in childhood and practiced until middle age, of holding imaginary conversations with various people and imagining what their replies would be. I tried mentally to express my opinions as well as possible, and when my vocabulary was too meager I would have recourse to a dictionary, that wardrobe of the mind, and seek a word to clothe my thoughts. I frequently amused myself in this manner during my rest periods, or I would memorize poetry and prose selections.

The family likes to tell this pleasing little anecdote about Cardinal Gibbons who, whenever he saw me on

his walks, kindly came up and spoke to me. One day when he shook my hand he held it for some moments while he asked me two or three questions which, of course, I was unable to answer without the use of my hand. Upon his finally relinquishing it I spelled to my sister Ella to interpret "Pardon my not answering you, your Eminence, but you were holding my tongue," and he replied with a twinkle in his eyes, "I wish I could hold more tongues." Nature had made the Cardinal's hands very beautiful. They were small and slender. But there was an indescribable strength of power in them, a spirituality that conveyed a perceptible sense of his high calling. Had he wished to exert it, I believe he had the power of healing by the "laying on of hands." But this is only my opinion. Be it as it may, that day as the Cardinal held my hand I felt as if an angel had placed on my palm a beautiful soft white rose from Heaven.

PROFESSIONAL FRIENDS

THESE MEMOIRS would not be complete without some reference to certain professional friends with whom my condition has brought me in contact and who have had a great influence on my physical condition and intellectual outlook.

Years before my birth our family lived next door to that of Dr. Harry Friedenwald, now internationally known. It has been my great privilege to have had his friendship all my life. I have held him in the deepest esteem and admiration ever since my first recollection of him, when as a child of seven or eight, I used to stand behind the old-fashioned slatted shutters of our house to watch him go by and think in humility how marvelous it was to live next door to one brilliant enough to study at the universities abroad.

It seems that Dr. Friedenwald has reciprocated my admiration from a medical standpoint as well as from friendship, as he has watched my development with the keenest interest and frequently expresses amazement at the way I have overcome my handicaps, which, to his sympathetic eyes, seem almost

insurmountable. It was at his urgent solicitations, extended over many years, that I finally consented to write these memoirs as an expression of my affectionate regard for him.

In 1895 I was placed under the medical care of the leading neurologist of Baltimore at that time, Dr. George J. Preston, who published an article on congenital chorea including a description of my "case." This article appeared in the *New York Medical Journal* of March 14, 1896. Dr. Friedenwald kindly wrote the following note regarding this article:

At my urgent request Miss Hoopes is citing part of Doctor Preston's report which was based upon a careful neurological study of her case forty-two years ago.

I have known Miss Hoopes since her infancy and have observed the manifestations of her disease, and the handicaps which the varied physical limitations of her body, her limbs, and her vocal organs have imposed upon her. She has been obliged to communicate all her thoughts and desires through movements of her arms and hands over which she has had feeble control, or by the use of the typewriter. Under such conditions it has appeared little short of a miracle that she has been able to attain to so high a development of mind in so crippled a body.

With Doctor Preston's report before him, the reader is better prepared to understand and to appreciate the heroic efforts Miss Hoopes has made and the success she has achieved over obstacles apparently insurmountable.

Because Dr. Friedenwald considered this article an interesting medical report of its day, he suggested that I reproduce the following excerpts from it. He further thought that these excerpts served to empha-

size my physical endurance in the face of these severe handicaps in the many years since Dr. Preston prepared this report, parts of which are as follows:

Miss G., aged seventeen years; chorea congenita. The history of the case in general is that the mother of the patient, who had given birth to seven children, complained of "nervousness" during this pregnancy, though there is no history of choreic movements, nor is there any history of chorea in the family anywhere. A month before her confinement a daughter was taken ill with typhoid fever, and died just a week before the birth of Miss G. The labor was easy, though there was a footling presentation. Soon after the child was born the choreiform movements were noticed, and it was supposed that there was some injury to or disease of the brain. These irregular choreic movements affected the head and extremities, and continued to grow worse for eight or ten years. For the past five or six years there has been no marked change in the character or extent of the motion.

Status praesens. Miss G. is of about the size of a child of twelve. Her head is small but perfectly symmetrical. The organs of circulation, respiration, and digestion are all normal. The menstrual function has but recently begun. The deep reflexes are a little subnormal, but all present and the superficial reflexes are normal. Sensation is not affected in any manner. The electric reactions do not differ from the normal. The muscles, while not well developed, nowhere present any atrophy, and there is no hypertrophy even in those muscles that are and have been for seventeen years in almost constant motion.

The patient has a bright attractive face and is very intelligent. Her hearing is acute. She has myopic astigmatism, which is corrected by glasses. She is practically mute, never trying to talk. She can make some sounds, as when she laughs, but nothing that approximates phona-

tion. Some years ago she made sounds that were intended for "yes" and "no" but latterly she has ceased to use even these. She talks quite rapidly with her hands, employing the deaf-and-dumb signs. She is a great reader, enjoys the theatre, can write on the typewriter and can play a little on the piano.

The choreiform movements affect almost the entire body. The muscles of the face, especially the frontalis and masseter muscles, are in constant motion. The tongue is moved continuously from side to side, protruded, retracted, never still a moment. The head is jerked forward, backward, from one side to the other. The shoulders are from time to time elevated and depressed. The arms, hands, legs, and feet do not show as violent movements as do the muscles of the face, but correspond to the movements of an average case of chorea vulgaris.

Upon her attempting to use the hands, or when she walks, the movements are increased in violence. There is no athetoid character observable in the movements. When she walks, which she does with difficulty, the thighs are abducted, somewhat as in the gait of spastic paraplegia, and the body is inclined forward and backward or from side to side in a somewhat rhythmic manner. The movements cease entirely when she is asleep, and sometimes when she is very deeply interested in reading. The inability to talk seems to be due to the incessant movements of the tongue and muscles about the face. It is impossible to examine her larynx. There is certainly no gross lesion in the cortex, or at least no well-marked evidence of such lesion. No paralysis, anaesthesia, or muscular atrophy. No alteration in the reflexes, superficial or deep, or electrical reaction. Yet there must, of course, be some alteration, or perhaps, want of proper development in the cortical motor centres.

The late Professor G. Stanley Hall was among

those whom Dr. Friedenwald thought would be interested in my memoirs. When returning the manuscript, Dr. Hall wrote Dr. Friedenwald as follows:

I have been under unusual pressure and unable until today to read the communication you sent me on December 16, 1915. I have done so now from start to finish, and it is certainly a remarkable production and ought to be printed in a little book by itself. It seems to me almost comparable to Helen Keller's story of her life. It is indeed so interesting that were it not so long I should like to print it in the *American Journal of Psychology*, but it is twice the length I could handle there, and it would be a great pity to mutilate it I am returning it to you although I really hate to let it go, because it is a psychological document of such value that if it were not to be printed I should crave a copy of it for the use of our department. The religious experience is of itself "worth the price of admission." It has a certain moral uplift about it which other intimate autobiographies of the Marie Bashkirteeff order lack

Twenty years with their tears and laughter had quietly become the past and I had recently finished the first part of this autobiographical sketch when, through one of my most enthusiastic friends, Mrs. Emily F. Owen, it was brought to the notice of Dr. Lewellys F. Barker who expressed a wish to see and examine me.

I recall our visit to Dr. Barker's office and the way he sat and studied me for fully fifteen minutes after he had made a physical examination in the method of that time. I can see in memory his ecclesiastical appearance and his aesthetic, sensitive face as he

talked. He said my case was especially interesting as he had been at the Salpêtrière, Paris, only a few months before, and had seen a number of patients with similar symptoms, but the majority were of impaired mentality. He showed us a number of photographs of patients he had examined. One was of a woman in whom he seemed to be especially interested as her muscular movements were very much like mine. She was of normal or superior mentality, and at sixty or seventy was studying botany. I received the impression that Dr. Barker seemed to think that the mental activity of this patient at such an advanced age would greatly encourage me, but I was then only amused at this thought. However, the idea of a spastic's studying botany at seventy has often come to mind in the years since my visit to the eminent physician's office.

It might be interesting to note that Dr. Barker was the first to diagnose my case as athetosis, over thirty years ago. Upon learning of my decision to publish these memoirs, he expressed genuine pleasure and added: "Many would be interested in the volume, as it should be found especially encouraging by others who have suffered from disabilities of prenatal origin."

Stimulating to the imagination is the thought of the unknown and far-reaching good our Heavenly Father permits us to do without our being aware of it. Such an enduring favor was done for me by that eminent and prolific writer, Father Martin J. Scott, S. J., when he wrote the book entitled *God and My-*

self. To this good Jesuit I feel that I owe the inestimable privilege of the friendship of Dr. Elizabeth S. Kite, historian and lecturer, herself a convert to Catholicism. One day when visiting my sister Fannie, Dr. Kite picked up Father Scott's book which was lying on the table. Knowing my sister's scientific bent, she did not hesitate to express her amazement at seeing, among professional books, this Jesuit publication. My sister laughed at her surprise and said, "Oh, that belongs to my little sister. She is a convert you know. I want you to meet her." Then and there a date was set for Dr. Kite to have tea with us. This was the beginning of a friendship that has deepened as the years have flown.

During a visit to my sister Blanche in Washington, Dr. Kite, who spends much of her time in research in the Library of Congress, invited us to meet her there. She showed us many interesting documents in the manuscripts archives, and I remember the emotion with which I held the diaries of George Washington in my hands. I seemed to be conscious of his spirit, and he has seemed more vividly alive to me ever since. So among her numerous accomplishments, may I include this one of having given me a better understanding and a greater appreciation of the father of our country.

Dr. Kite's scholarly treatises on colonial American history won for her the coveted honorary degree of Litt. D. from Villanova College where she is now a respected member of the faculty. For many years she had been closely associated with the research work of

the Vineland Laboratory. She participated in several important studies, notable among which were *The People of the Pines* and *The Kallikak Family*. As a young woman I well remember what a wide interest the latter study aroused when put into book form by Dr. Henry H. Goddard, then Director of the Vineland Laboratory, and with what avidity I read it, gleaning from every page an aspect of life of which I had never dreamed. I even recall my youthful elation in realizing that I was mentally capable of reading the book and of being responsive to the sociological problems it presented. *The Kallikak Family* is one of the few books that has left an indelible impression upon my memory.

Perhaps it would be of interest to say, in passing, that while it was natural for a young person to be elated at the signs of her developing intelligence, I now realize that this emotion was intensified by reason of the questioning attitude of others regarding the degree of my mentality, of which I have always been more or less conscious.

Not only has my acquaintance with Dr. Kite brought me happiness and inspiration, but it was through this dear friend that I met Dr. Edgar A. Doll, Honorary Member of the British Royal Medico-Psychological Association, and present Director of the Vineland Laboratory, to whom I owe an inestimable debt of gratitude as it was owing to his belief that this book might be of scientific value that I decided upon its publication. It has been through his encouragement and guidance that I have tried to de-

scribe my reactions due to the absence of vocal speech and my neuromuscular handicaps.

During my visit to The Training School at Vineland, I had the good fortune to meet Dr. Winthrop M. Phelps, with whom Dr. Doll collaborated in writing that highly informative and interesting treatise, *Mental Deficiency Due to Birth Injuries*, which was the first authoritative and scientific work I had read on the subject, and which gave me the clearest picture of my physical condition up to that time.

Ever since going into the medical profession Dr. Phelps has had a deep interest in cerebral palsy, and his success in this speciality while Professor of Orthopaedic Surgery at Yale led him to give up all other practice and devote himself exclusively to the cerebral palsy group. That he loves his work I was made fully aware by his apparent fascination in watching the intricacies of the interplay of my athetoid movements when he gave me a physical examination. Amid his busy days and wide interests, Dr. Phelps has had the kindness to pay me visits which I have deeply appreciated and found of the utmost mental stimulation. We, the birth-injured, owe to him and to Dr. Doll a vast debt of gratitude for their research in this speciality of medical science, and for their untiring efforts to bring before the public the resulting information, so badly needed, in timely articles, simply composed in the language the layman can understand, as the victims of birth-injury are next in number to those with infantile paralysis. And now after having read many of those popular articles on

the subject I am looking forward with keen anticipation to the forthcoming scientific and authoritative work *Cerebral Palsy and Poliomyelitis* by Dr. Phelps which is soon to be published.

It is a source of the utmost gratification that I have lived to see the advance in the knowledge and treatment of cerebral palsies. My interest is more intense when I compare the modern scientific methods with those of fifty years ago when one of the leading physicians of the day suggested that I submit to a surgical trephination in the hope that the operation might relieve the tension and palsy. But my father knew the risk to my life and intellect, and refused to have it done. However, snatching at the faintest hope he did try various herb teas, though I am positive this was done against his better judgment.

Naturally, the friendships of Dr. Doll and Dr. Phelps and my other savant friends have broadened my horizons and normalized my outlook to an extent that I feel would have been impossible without their inspiring friendliness. And I am profoundly grateful to them for the gift of their time and attention. I am especially appreciative for Dr. Doll's valuable assistance in the writing and preparation of this book which I well know could not have been accomplished without his sympathetic cooperation in all its stages.

IN THE EYES OF THE BEHOLDER

OWING TO MY DIMINUTIVE SIZE, I am often taken for a child when seen at a distance, and the following incidents, trivial as they are, occurred a few years ago and amused me very much, as I find it interesting to see myself as others see me.

We had a very strong woman in our employ who frequently took me to one of the city parks on my tricycle. Sarah had learned my manual alphabet and we used to have quite animated conversations. She was very careful and attentive, always keeping a hand on the handlebar of my tricycle. One day while Sarah was visiting her niece she was introduced to a man who in the course of conversation said to her, "It is mighty good of you to take that child out. She must be a great care and a horrid little thing. A few days ago I was out in my car and having to wait for the green light, watched you with her for several minutes and that child was fighting you and hitting you in the face, and doing all kinds of things with her hands." It is our supposition that he must have seen

us while Sarah was bending over me and I was gesticulating about something. When she came home and told of the conversation, the family had a hearty laugh as Sarah and I were much attached to each other, and never had a disagreement.

In the year 1924, I began suffering from a severe muscular pain in the left leg when walking. To relieve this I tried using crutches and while walking on them I had the fall that is supposed to have dislocated my hip which accident ended my pedestrian days.

Recalling the incidents and my emotions which were concomitant with this accident, I am of the opinion that an escape mechanism had a large part in causing it, as for several years I had lost all desire to go out of the house owing to constant fatigue, and frequently forced myself to attend church and places of amusement when I would have much preferred remaining at home. Lacking the ability to converse with our acquaintances I gradually lost interest in outside social intercourse, which was natural as I have observed that we derive the most pleasure from expressing our own thoughts rather than from hearing the conversation of others, a trait that gains an ever-stronger hold on us as we advance in years. Consequently, being a partial shut-in is rather a relief than a hardship.

Naturally, I miss even my former limited ability of walking, but this deprivation is greatly mitigated by the ease with which I use my tricycle. On the other hand, I wish I could still walk as I did before, as it would facilitate my taking more extensive motor trips.



Photograph by Cecelia N. Eareckson

ON THE GO

With the loss of power of locomotion, sympathetic relatives urged the use of a rolling chair; this I declined as I realized that once I stopped exercising I would become increasingly helpless. So I had a kiddie-car built on which I propelled myself about for five years. Then a clever young mechanic constructed the wheel I now use. Having just sufficient width to maintain its balance, this tricycle enables me to ride with facility in the labyrinths of furniture in dwellings, and in the narrow aisles of stores. I even go through the Baltimore Museum of Art upon it.

Another ludicrous incident occurred when a passing reporter, evidently hard pressed for copy, saw me riding up and down on the small balcony outside of the windows of the living room of our apartment. One evening when my sister Fannie was reading the paper, she laughed and said, "Gertrude, this must be you." Then she showed me a short item with the caption in large type:

GOING NOWHERE FAST

At the Homewood Apartments on North Charles Street there is an energetic and optimistic child who rides a velocipede endlessly up and down the iron balcony outside his apartment. The balcony is all of three feet long, which makes it necessary for the very young rider to reverse his direction every five seconds.

As many of my contemporaries are grandmothers, this little paragraph amused me greatly as I am not of sufficient age to be in my second childhood. However, I am told that I look "very young" when on the balcony in my coat and slacks. I am exceedingly

grateful that I have remained the size of a twelve-year-old child as it has preserved my agility and facilitates my being picked up and being carried wherever I wish to be taken. It may be an erroneous idea, but I think my diminutive size has an effect upon certain types of minds in that it increases their sympathy and protective solicitude. But several times I have noticed an undefined change in the attitude of some persons towards me when they discover I am an adult mentally.

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF RIPER YEARS

*To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.*

From Shakespere's "Hamlet"

AS THIS SAGE ADVICE of Polonius has been one of my ethical staffs throughout life, the following brief account of my mature religious views is given as an essential part of the development of my character, and is not in any sense intended to be offensive or controversial. I am an advocate of religious toleration and acknowledge the right of the freedom of conscience for all men. But as dogma has been indispensable to me in my search for eternal Truth, I only desire to show the marvelous sustaining influence that Catholicism has exerted upon my mental and spiritual life. However, to borrow once more from a poet:

*Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought.
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.**

* By Christopher P. Cranch in *The Little Book of American Poets*, 1787-1900. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929.

As I was only eighteen at the time of my entrance into the Catholic Church, I acknowledge in looking back that I was greatly influenced by my emotions and the aesthetic appeal of the magnificent liturgy and ceremonial of the Church. But during the thirty-five years that I have been within her fold I have found her doctrines equally intellectually satisfying, and after years of mature thought, my conviction is the same that Catholicism is fundamentally the logical development of the ancient Jewish laws into those taught by Christ, who said, "I came not to destroy, but to *fulfill*."

Being unable to participate actively in any of her organizations, my membership in the Church has been entirely intellectual and spiritual, yet I have observed with ever-increasing admiration the unalterable authority which the Church alone seems to maintain amid the almost universal instability and chaos of this generation. I am in thorough accord with her disciplinary laws, which at times may seem severe in regard to individuals, but which to a thoughtful mind appear rational and indispensable for the ultimate good of mankind.

During the years that I was able to walk, after my entrance into the Church, I heard numerous brilliant sermons and lectures given by the Jesuit Fathers of Loyola College in Baltimore. Those intellectual privileges and the many hours spent in conversation with my kind spiritual directors, who most generously continue to give me of their time, helped me greatly. The benefit of their learned and inspiring companionship has developed my intellect and character to an

extent that could not have been reached had I remained outside the Church and so been deprived of their wise and benevolent religious opinions.

None of my spiritual directors has ever attempted to interfere with my liberty of conscience, nor of thought. I have read as extensively and freely since I became a Catholic as I did previously. In fact, much more, as I have read rather widely-known books of different philosophies and religions. My experience has been that the Church is a wise and prudent guide, instead of a tyrannical arbitrator. Moreover, I have been increasingly impressed by the Church's wisdom in her vigilance over the minds of her members; even in my limited contact with people I have seen the confusion of thought, and the disastrous effect that indiscriminate reading and study has on some minds.

I am still keenly aesthetically appreciative of the beauties of the Church's ceremonies, and I retain a great reverence for the ritual of High Masses. Yet as I grew older I became more responsive to the quiet of Low Mass, and for my private devotions much preferred attending it. I believe the psychological explanation is that some natures feel the presence of the Infinite in quietness and solitude, while others experience a spiritual exaltation from the symbols of His glory and majesty. The Catholic Church has made religion for me a vital force which energizes my spiritual life and gives a complete significance to it. Catholicism is truly a ship of God in which one safely sails amid the raging seas of doubt and the confusion of thought so rampant in the world today.

My philosophy of life is derived from the teaching

authority bestowed upon the Church by Christ which is succinctly expressed in the words of St. Ignatius Loyola, "Man was created to praise, to reverence, and to serve God." In doing so we fulfill in a filial and cooperative manner the high destiny for which we were created. The Roman Catholic Church has enabled me to live up to my moral standards to the fullest extent according to my limited abilities. To me the Church with her marvelous universality and her intellectually satisfying appeal to all classes and races, is as perfect an organization as can be found on this globe. The explanation is the ever-abiding actual living presence of its Divine Founder, Christ, in His Body and Blood in the tabernacle of every Catholic Church. Withdraw His presence and the Church would cease to be; just as the universe would cease to be if God withdrew His sustaining energy.

Divine Truth has been compared to a beautiful ocean flowing into individual channels and bays, shaping itself to our personalities as we are capable of receiving it. And as there is a physical and intellectual growth in man, so there is a spiritual growth through Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, and the Holy Ghost abiding in the soul in a state of grace. As in the natural order we all subsist upon the same material elements, in the same degree we children of the Catholic Church, while getting our life from the Sacraments and being supported by her unity of dogma, develop our own particular spiritual character. No matter how united we are in exterior worship, each soul perceives the Truth in the measure of his

mental and spiritual capacity. The Catholic Church is like a superbly harmonized orchestra with each instrument giving out its fullest and richest tones, yet each producing an overtone of its own which is only audible to the Divine Conductor.

Like all Catholics, I am a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, as most of my prayers have been answered. As to the few major petitions that were not answered, time and subsequent events have made me devoutly grateful that my foolish, childish requests went unheeded. This has taught me that when asking our Heavenly Father for a gift, temporal or spiritual, one should strive as far as possible to have Christ's spirit of absolute conformity to the Divine Will, and to say with all sincerity "Thy will, not mine, be done." While having faith that our prayer will be answered, it is a good spiritual exercise to consider the possible subsequent events and our reactions to them should our appeal not receive the response we desire. In this way we gain a wider outlook, and see very often, that the things we pray for are not so important after all. We learn to look with more and more enlightened minds at the sublime wisdom of the works of God.

Our Lord said, "Unless you become as little Children, you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Beside meaning that we should approach Him with confiding love in all our concerns, great or small, it seems that He also meant us to have the attitude of little children observed in watching our omnipotent and loving Father working His perfect work in His

creation. Consequently, my inclination leads me much more toward prayer of praise and adoration than petition.

Difficulties have assailed me, but as I am not of an argumentative mind, and am too busy making religion a thing to live by, I have wasted little thought upon them, knowing that the finite mind can never comprehend the Infinite, and while there are questions that are unanswerable, there are other problems that can be laid aside for the moment and that later will be more clearly understood when our minds are more mature.

St. Paul is known to have changed his religious opinions more than once, ever gaining a larger understanding of the Truth. First, he was an orthodox Jew, than a more liberal one. And even after his great experience when Our Lord appeared to him, St. Paul advanced in knowledge, changing his outgrown ideas for higher new ones as he grew in spiritual wisdom. But at the end of his life he could say with firm conviction, "I have kept the Faith." Like this great apostle, although I have seen the Truth from various aspects and with more philosophical approach since my entrance into the Church so many years ago, my fundamental religious thought has always remained the same, and I can say with humility and gratitude that "I have kept the Faith," and pray for grace to keep it until my earthly day is done.

One of my spiritual directors told me that he always preferred to begin his annual retreat on the feast of the Transfiguration, the day upon which the

Church commemorates the occasion when Our Lord took three of His Apostles upon a mountain and permitted them to behold Him glorified and talking with the Prophets. After the Apostles had fallen upon their faces in fear, Our Lord came and touched them, telling them not to be afraid. Then the Apostles "lifting up their eyes, saw no one, but only Jesus." The memory has remained with me of the spiritual joy and inspiration this little insight into the mind of a saintly priest gave me. For me it was a sublime compendium of the Christian life, as we should see only Jesus, or as one prefers, the *Logos* in all our aspirations toward the Divine.

ON THE WINGS OF RADIO

IN 1900 I was given a small phonograph which I operated very well after I had overcome my fear of injuring the cylinders by scratching them with the needle, owing to the excessive tremor of my hand. But I had learned to set the needle on the records in the fleeting seconds of relaxed muscular steadiness. Although the machine was quite stiff to wind I did that also. But I kept it only about six months, for the pleasure it afforded did not compensate me for the effort, especially as each of the wax cylinders had to be wrapped in cotton, and unwrapped, as tenderly as a baby, every time they were played.

My aunt, a very progressive lady of eighty-three, who lived in Washington, sent me my first radio in 1924, but as the family did not think I would be able to manipulate it, and as I was far from well at that time and very indifferent about having it installed, it lay unused until I gave it away a year later. But in the meantime, I paid a visit of several months to my aunt and found I was as capable of working her radio as anyone. Still, while I enjoyed the programs when in Washington, I was not sufficiently interested to



Photograph by Cecelia N. Eareckson

LISTENING IN

get an instrument upon my return home, until after a friend had lent me hers for months, while she and her husband were on an extended tour. When the time came to return the radio I had become so accustomed to it for instruction and diversion that its removal caused quite a void in my life, and I bought one of my own.

As I am one of a family of music-lovers, the first pleasure I derived from the radio was the realization that henceforth I could hear repeatedly the beautiful classics I had heard in concerts in my younger days. I was delighted at the prospect of becoming familiar with the compositions of the old as well as the modern composers. I looked forward especially to hearing the works of Johann Sebastian Bach, as I was always extremely fond of the few fugues and chorales of his with which I was familiar. Nor have I been disappointed, as Bach now has his place with Beethoven whom I previously thought was the master of composers for all time.

Beethoven's preëminence in my esteem was due to association, as the Peabody Conservatory of Music always gave him a prominent place on their programs, and all during my childhood my sisters and their friends played his compositions. As I constantly heard the beautiful harmonies during those happy carefree years, the music of Beethoven seemed to be woven into my soul, and became an inseparable part of my intellectual life.

Besides keeping my emotional life enriched by beautiful music, the radio has been of inestimable

value as a mental stimulus, which has kept my mind alert and healthy. Although I am quite a shut-in I can still share passively in the intellectual life of the world by enjoying brilliant radio addresses on a multitude of subjects. This has proved an ever-increasing blessing in the years that are gradually debarring me from contact with persons. I imagine this is the case with the average elderly man and woman; as the infirmities of age make reciprocal visits a burden, or an impossibility, or as one by one contemporaries are claimed by death, the radio comes to the almost a personality to an isolated life such as I now lead.

Having heard a great deal of poetry recited in my childhood, I have always been extremely fond of that form of literature, and up to my fortieth year I derived much pleasure from reading myself. But gradually most poetry lost its meaning for me unless it was read aloud, as I now require auditory stimulation of the human voice with its varying emotions. Consequently, one of my enjoyments is to hear the beautiful poetic selections read over the radio by the golden voices that grace the airwaves. I enjoy every form of poetry, from the classical to the humorous, but a little of the sentimental is quite enough for me, as it is too oozy with tears; so I leave this with the jazz to those in the springtime of life. Strange combination, tears and jazz! They are companions more frequently than one imagines.

During the years in which I lost the ability to read poetry to myself with any pleasure, I missed it sadly

before the advent of radio, as I had no one who read it aloud to suit me. Notwithstanding the fact that I was greatly impressed by hearing a very intellectual and spiritual clergyman once remark that everyone should read some poetry every day as the practice enriched and enobled our lives, I never could acquire the habit.

In my childhood and all during my adult life to the year 1926 I had frequent and severe crying spells which upon analysis, taking into consideration the emotions of childhood before I learned my limited modes of self-expression, now seem to me to have been caused solely by fatigue and overwrought nerves. For in a few months after I had the radio these crying attacks ceased, and I have not had a single one since. Whether this was due to the physiological changes that I underwent at the time, or whether the music offered by the radio had a soothing and relaxing effect upon my nerves, is beyond my power to determine.

The first time I attended the opera *Die Walküre*, the overture, the *Fire Music*, and the *Ride of the Valkyrie* caused such an overflow, I broke into profuse perspiration trying to calm myself. But since then, while exhilarating me, neither these compositions nor similar ones have had a disturbing effect. Not caring for vocal music I do not enjoy the opera on the radio as much as one would expect; I miss the color and pageantry, so I am anticipating television to enjoy this form of entertainment. Most of my musical pleasure is derived from symphony orches-

tras and bands. Marches have a stimulating, energizing effect on me, and always cheer me. But the compositions of Bach, Beethoven, and the other masters liberate and inspire my highest emotions into an expansive and balanced whole.

Radio with its diversity of gifts has a psychological effect of untold value in the life of a handicapped person, and it is almost a necessity for the maintenance of mental and emotional health. Frequently, when my serenity has been disturbed, I turn on the radio, and almost immediately relax. From the minute I open my eyes in the morning until I prepare for sleep at night, the radio fills the major part of my life. Indeed I do not know how I could endure my comparatively isolated existence without it. The commentators of current events, the interesting educational talks on the various arts and sciences, and the amusing and conflicting opinions of the political economists, the inspiring addresses of the clergymen of the different denominations, all find me a receptive and eager listener, but never a critical one as I have not strong convictions upon subjects of passing interest, realizing that my knowledge is so meager that I am not qualified to form opinions, however superficial.

Besides enjoying the radio talks on the arts and sciences, I derive much pleasure from the condensed presentations of the drama and the screen. The latter enable me to learn whether a movie is worth my making the effort to go to see. I thoroughly enjoy the outstanding photoplays, and heartily laugh at a

clever, comic one, but I find the average offerings very boring. This is due, I think, to being inactive and unable to participate in normal pursuits. The events of daily life appear to me similar to moving pictures, hence the scenarios themselves seem like shadows within shadows.

Although I am aware of the vast amount of evil that can be attributed to radio, I am optimistic enough to think that the harm is counterbalanced by the inestimable good done by wireless. One of the greatest of these benefits that radio is rendering mankind is the breaking down of religious prejudices. It engenders a mutual understanding and appreciation of the various religions possible by no other means, creating a hitherto inconceivable tolerance and sympathetic comprehension of the religious aspirations of our fellow men.

FIRST VOTE

AS TO MOST SHUT-INS, my main source of information is the radio, and during the presidential campaign of 1928, after listening attentively to the speeches of both political parties I felt as well qualified as the average citizen to declare my choice candidate. So my sister Fannie took me to be registered.

While the usual questions were being asked me, and my sister was interpreting my answers, a gentleman of the opposite party said in a loud voice, "Anyone who cannot talk should not be allowed to vote." Whereupon someone who knew me replied in an equally emphatic tone, "She has more sense than you." While another friend exclaimed, "There are very few as well up on politics as she is." For the moment I wondered if in trying to serve my country I was starting a political fight, but the opponents lapsed into silence and I was duly registered.

To avoid a crowd my sister and a friend took me to the polls at half past seven on the morning of election day, 1928. This time everything went quietly. I entered the balloting booth on my wheel accompanied by one of the judges who marked my ballot

for me in the spaces where I placed my finger, then folded it, and put it in the ballot-box. I returned home with the comforting thought that it had been executed properly and my ballot would not be thrown out. Naturally I was disappointed when my candidate was defeated, but I had had an interesting experience, and could visualize for the rest of my life the scenes at the polls.

MODERN INVENTIONS

I AM MOST grateful that the greater part of my adult life has been lived in the days of modern conveniences. I remember when houses were lighted by candles, oil-lamps, and gas, all beyond my powers of using, not to mention the old-fashioned wash-bowls and heavy pitchers from which water had to be poured every time one washed one's hands.

As a child I could not go into a room at night unless accompanied by someone to light the gas. Now I go all over the apartment and switch on the lights, and it was a great boon to me when stationary wash-stands came into general use. These two conveniences, and many others that are used by the average person without a thought, have made me much less conscious of my handicaps, and life has been far more pleasant. To an independent nature the least thing that contributes to self-efficacy is a great blessing.

Over twenty years ago I described the deep impression made upon me by the marvelous bond of understanding between Helen Keller and the late Mrs. Macy. I there expressed my belief in the func-

tion of mental telepathy. Consequently, I have followed with interest the scientific experiments now being conducted at Duke University. Fantastic as it may appear I envision the day when thought transmission will be used with inestimable benefit in the education of deaf-mutes, facilitating immeasurably their means of communication. I have daily demonstrations of mental telepathy, as for instance a very devoted maid who anticipates my wishes, and answers the questions I have in mind before I ask them. Throughout life I have had evidences of telepathy too marked for me to be skeptical regarding what may yet be discovered.

It is the consensus of opinion among my sisters that during my pre-school age the lack of speech accelerated the development of my intellect rather than retarded it. Their argument is that I had to concentrate, and be ever on the alert to find means of self-expression and to make myself understood far more than the average child. As I was so easily carried, and had my tricycle which was portable, I was taken to most of the places that normal children enjoy, even to the circus which came with each spring to the city. Consequently, my motor handicaps exerted very slight restrictions on my mental horizons in my formative years. As an adult I have been increasingly conscious of the inadequacy of my intellectual training. Yet I am deeply grateful for the knowledge imparted by my sisters, and that which I have gained from observation.

Although I was only eight or nine when I com-

menced using a typewriter I well remember the mental strides it enabled me to make. It was a joy to be able to express my thoughts with such ease in comparison to the tedious, fatiguing process of printing with a pencil, the unsightly grotesque characters which only my sister Ella and I could decipher. And at that time I realized that I could never acquire sufficient control over my hands for penmanship. So with the advent of the typewriter an entirely new world was opened for me, with expansive vistas of hope. I now felt I could take an active part in life instead of being a passive onlooker. Not only has this useful invention contributed greatly to my intellectual development, but it has brought me many friends through correspondence, and widened my interest in the outside sphere of life. Had I passed this way in pre-typewriter days, I could have been known only to my family and a few relatives. Now I am able to offer my small contribution to humanity, and to those who care to listen, I am like a little murmuring brook, flowing on in the sunlight of God's smile, into the ocean of eternity. In that beautiful quiet hour when life's sunset comes for me I shall reverently and gratefully leave it to the Divine Lips to say

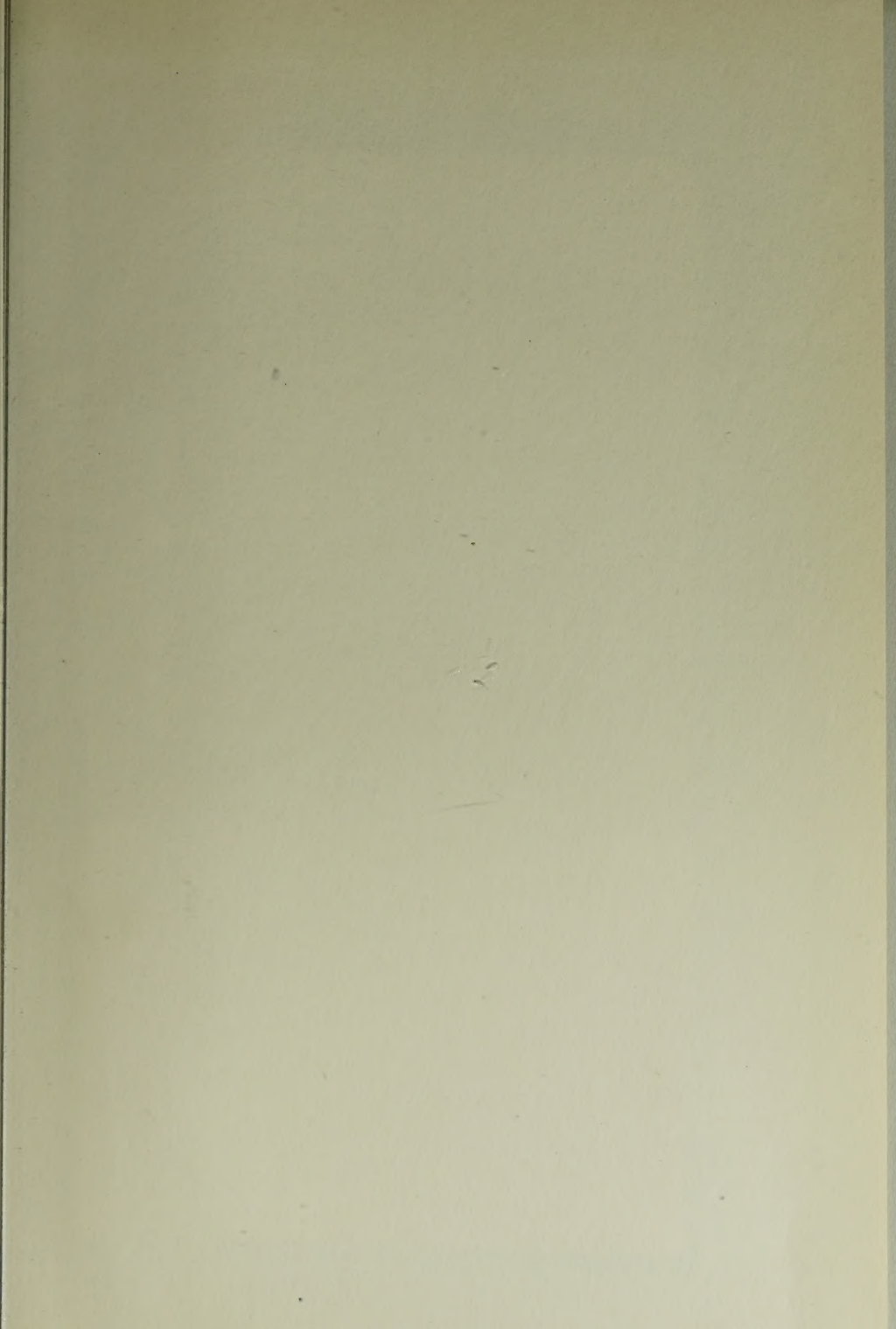
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